THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 69. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1890. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 40

BRIGHT DAYS.

BY P. SPENSER.

Now is Earth fraught with mirth,
Here is smiling Spring;
Brightest flow'rs clad our bow'rs,
Birds around us sing.

Yet were Winter in the heart,
Vain these charms would be;
Ah, sweet Love! the sun thou art,
Nursing Spring in me.

Now I toil with greater zest,
And with blessing rife,
For thy spirit in my breast
Brightens all my life.

A Desperate Deed.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

"HAROLD!"

"Yes, dear."

"I want to ask you a favor."

"Granted," he laughed, "be it half my kingdom!"

It would be hard to refuse her anything, he thought, as he leaned against the light oak mantel in her boudoir, and looked down on the pretty, pleading face lifted to his.

"It is hardly as much as that, I think. I heard yesterday a sad little story. You must hear it before I make my request. May I tell it to you?"

"I can't say," quizzically, "that I am enthusiastic about sad little stories. But of course, love," as he saw her face darken, "I am only joking. Tell it to me."

They were going out to dinner, a fashionable affair given in her honor, and she was dressed for the occasion. Her trained dress of black velvet was a marvel of richness and simplicity. Against it the fair round throat and firm white arms gleamed marble white. Around her neck was a narrow band of velvet, from which depended a diamond star, a splendid heirloom of the Romaines.

Her face, thinner than of old, looked just now childishly youthful, for the soft cheeks were flushed with suppressed excitement, the gray eyes looked very large and anxious.

"You must sit down," she said.

He sank obediently into a big tempting chair by the hearth. He put on his hand, caught his wife's, and drew her down on his knee.

But she sprang up.

"No, no! I cannot sit still. I'm too nervous."

He laughed.

"And so that is why I must keep quiet. I believe you just wish to give me an opportunity to admire your dress."

For she was walking away from him, the thick, blue black folds of her gown trailing behind her. She flashed back a saucy smile at him.

"That is it precisely, sir."

She came back to the mantel, and stood there looking down down on the bed of crimson coals in the grate.

"Well, it is about a girl who used to live at the Honor," she began abruptly. "She was very young and quite pretty—as I remember her, a merry, thoughtless child, never in her waking hours without a song or a laugh or a gay word."

She paused. A dreamy, retrospective look had come into her eyes.

His lordship smothered a yawn.

"Yes," politely feigning interest, "a domestic?"

She hesitated a moment.

"Hardly. More a companion. Marguerite and she were inseparable."

"Ah!"

"And she went up to London to visit an aunt of hers. No one at the Honor ever saw her again!"

"What!" the Earl cried.

He was really startled. Her tone was so unconsciously tragic.

Lilian lifted her great shining eyes and looked across at him. She laughed reassuringly, perhaps a little too loudly.

"Oh, she came back, yes, but none ever saw her again as she used to be. A stranger might see no change. We all did. She who before had fairly floated, for she could scarcely keep her feet from dancing, walked wearily and slowly. She, whose laughter had been so ringing and spontaneous, rarely smiled. She had moods. She had grown sullen, excitable, capricious. All the innocence, the glad-heartedness, all 'the wild freshness of morning,' had gone from her for ever."

She had spoken slowly, deliberately, her eyes still gazing downwards as though reading in the fire the story she told.

"And why?"

He was not feigning interest now. He was leaning slightly forward, his elbow on the arm of his chair, his head on his hand.

"This was her story: In London, at her aunt's house, she had met a man—a frank, fine looking fellow, a captain in a Calcutta regiment. It was a case of love at first sight. He was a captivating, manly, sunny-faced fellow, and she was pretty and impressionable. He was highly-connected, but poor—in fact, in debt. She had money coming to her, dependent on her aunt's approval of the marriage.

"They dare not allow their attachment to become known. When he proposed a secret marriage she—very young and romantic, you must remember—thought it would be delightful in real life as in a novel. The mystery would be enchanting. How loyal her heart would be to him when 'lovers around her were sighing,' and how they would astonish every one some day when he had succeeded to the heritage of his expectancy by saying, 'We have been married and faithful all these years!' And she dreamed of a cottage "Bowered in roses and covered with thatch, After the fun of a runaway match,' and all that sort of thing, you know—poor little fool!"

She was silent.

The Earl looked at her curiously. How much the relation of the story seemed to affect her! How tremendously in earnest she was!

Well, no wonder. She and this girl she spoke of had probably been dear friends and associates.

But he wished she would hurry. The carriage would soon be at the door.

"Well, she married him, in strictest privacy," the Countess resumed.

She left her place by the fire, came over to her husband's side, and sank down on a low stool beside him.

"She told her aunt she was going to visit a school friend, and she went away to a little lonely, sea coast town and lived six weeks with him. Then, fearing detection, she returned to her aunt's house. There, one morning, a man called to see her. It was her husband's servant. He had a box hands—a little box. He gave it to her. She opened it. Within were the few notes she had written him, her picture, a flower she had given him, and a ring of her hair. She could not speak. She was simply dazed. At last she faltered,—

"'My husband?'

"The fellow laughed insultingly.

"'I guess you haven't got any. The captain gave me those traps to bring back to you. He's got dead loads of such stuff. He sailed for Calcutta yesterday. When he returns, in a couple of years, he's going to marry his cousin.'

"And he mentioned her name—a rich and titled lady—Clotilde Rayne.

"She was crazy. But still she could not believe it. She could only say, stupidly,—

"'I was married!'

"And for answer the wretch before her joined his hands, rolled up his eyes, and said,—

"'Of course you were! And the minister wore a rig rented for the occasion at two-and-sixpence. And I was the minister!'

"She didn't die. No one ever does when they most long to. She did not even faint. She was afraid of her aunt appearing. She got him to leave by promising to meet him in the park. She did so. He offered to marry her, clothing his proposals in words so insultingly condescending, it is a wonder her rage and scorn did not kill him! Then it was she came back to the Honor."

The Countess paused.

The Earl stooped, and put his arm around her.

"Why, my darling, how you are trembling! What a compassionate little creature you are, to be sure!"

"Yes," with a shaky laugh. "It is a hateful story! Let me tell you the rest—quickly! I hear the carriage coming around."

"Well, dear?"

He spoke soothingly, as he would to a child. He could feel her slight form quivering.

"Even there he followed her, and persecuted her. He threatened he would expose her. She gave him money, her little jewelery—aught of value she had. One April day she went to London. There her baby was born. Only yesterday I learned that she was dead."

Seven! It tinkled musically from the little malachite clock on the mantel.

They should be on their way. It was so abominably rude to keep dinner waiting.

He moved uneasily. She noticed the motion.

"And now," she cried, leaning forward and laying both her sparkling, clasped hands on his breast, "now my petition! I want to bring her little one down here, and have some good woman—Granny Morris, say—take care of him and love him. May I?"

He laughed, took her face between his palms, and kissed the hot cheek.

"Of course! What may you not do! My tender-hearted little Lilian!"

Ten minutes later, rolling away through the frosty, starlit night, he asked her, carelessly,—

"When did that poor girl die?"

And she answered,—

"When Marguerite did—last September."

CHAPTER XIV.

OH, relent, Lady Iva!

But Lady Iva, looking at Lionel with sweet, remorseless eyes over her fire-screen of peacock feathers, shook her golden head.

"I'm afraid there is no hope. Mamma's sister died so lately, she would not think of going."

"Going where, Iva?" queried a gay voice.

Down the wide, old stairs came floating a slim, lithe, dark-robed figure.

"We were talking of the Braceborough ball, mamma."

"And why should you not go, dear?"

"That is what I say, Lady Romaine," broke in the young fellow, exultant at having found an ally. "I'm sure a chaperon would be very easily secured."

"Of course. You certainly must go, Iva.

"Here is Harold! We'll appeal to him."

Without, the winter night was closing in. Up from the hollowy deer-park, the dusky shadows came shouldering each other. The brooding dusk was full of the prophecy of coming snow.

But here, in the magnificent baronial hall of the Romaines—a hall through which one might drive a coach-and-four, and which, however, gave one no idea of gauntness for all its lofty space—here was the warmth of a huge fire—here the rosy glow of Moorish lamps—here the luxurious, wavering light—here the rustle of silken gowns—here the murmurous sound of voices "low with fashion, not with feeling"—here, too, "elastic laughter sweet."

For, though living in retirement, as was the Countess, because of her recent bereavement, already had the princely home over which she had come to preside resumed its rightful place as social authority and rendezvous.

"Such a dear little thing!" as Mrs. Trendworth said to the Dowager Duchess of Carisleigh, when she happened to mention the new lady of the Castle—"such a dear, unassuming little thing! A perfect lady, I assure you; a delightful acquisition. She comes of a very good family, too. It is a comfort to think she is a person we can know for her own sake. The Woodvilles have extremely blue blood in their veins, you know. And she is such an innocent child—not much older than his daughter!"

And so they all called on the dear little thing, and she charmed and flattered them with her youth and beauty and winning ways and uplifted gray eyes.

Soon it became an understood thing that those who were at the village, or out riding or driving, should drop in at Silverdale Castle about five o'clock.

Then were the ladies sure to be at home; then was the first fire in the ribbed-roof hall most ruddy; then of luxurious depth looked the rug-covered chairs and divans; then on the round table of carved and polished bog-oak, brightly glittered the silver tea-service; then arose the fragment steam of Pekoe and Souchong tea; then talk grew more rapid, laughter louder, mingling with both the dainty clink of rare old china.

It was all very delightful—the elegance, the æstheticism, the mild exhilaration and informality.

Young Lionel got into the habit of coming in almost daily; the Dallas girls often walked over; Mrs. Trendworth could not resist "just looking in;" and the officers from the barracks at Rothlyn, in braided fatigue uniforms and stiff caps, came riding up the avenue about the hour for kettle-drum.

And just now there was quite a gay semi-circle around the blazing fire. The talk had turned on the coming Christmas.

"We are going to be very quiet this year," Mary Dallas said. "There are only three or four old friends coming to us."

"Oh, I am going to have a houseful!" Mrs. Trendworth cried.

She was a widow, fat, fair and fully fifty. She had strongly-marked features, gray hair, worn Pompadour, and a high color. She dressed richly, entertained lavishly, enjoyed the society of young people, and held that a good laugh added a year to one's life.

"You always have," said Lionel.

"Who are they?" asked Jimmie Talbot.

He was a slender, brown-skinned, curly-headed and mustacheless young fellow.

She looked down on him as he lay stretched on the floor at the feet of Nora Dallas.

"Well, Guy Dairly is coming, and Priscilla Murray (only sixteen, and pretty as a picture, Jimmie), and a German scientist, with an unpronounceable name, a friend of my brother's, and Sir Oswald Herold and Lady Clotilde Rayne, and——"

But the Countess of Silverdale heard no more. Not one word of the widow's cheery chatter reached her ear after that.

Lady Clotilde Rayne! It was the name—the very name.

Only once before had she heard it spoken; then it had burned into her heart and soul, and brain, with searing force.

"Oh, he has gone sure enough! When he comes back he will marry his cousin. She is very wealthy, and dead struck on him. Her name is Lady Clotilde Rayne."

That most miserable day, that most wretched hour, when she had first heard that name spoken. How strange to hear it again! Now she was safe in the home of a good and honored gentleman; now she was secure, respected, loved, beyond calumny and above reproach.

But once more she heard it.

And she, Lady Clotilde Rayne, was coming down to her neighbor's, and he, Sir Geoffry Damyn, to the glow of her own hearth and the shelter of her own roof-tree.

"Good heavens!" she murmured to herself, with a little, weary sigh. What a small place the world is, anyway! We leave a person in Hong Kong and meet him in Hyde Park. A person—a ghost, rather—out of our dead and buried past sits down to dinner with us."

How she dreaded meeting him! He had never seen Lillian; his astonishment would be overwhelming. She had told him of the marvellous likeness between herself and her sister. But in spite of all she knew how stunned he would be. And how would he act at first sight of her? As one dismayed? And what emotion would really sway him—remorse, fear of exposure, or only a reckless indifference?

"Dreaming?"

She started violently at the touch of her husband's hand on her shoulder.

"Yes," with a nervous laugh. "I really believe I was. And here is Jimmie, waiting to say good-bye."

She turned graciously to the young man, standing cap in hand, beside her chair.

"Yes, I said good-night twice, Lady Romaine, and you would not even look at me."

She rose, her piquant face bright and smiling.

"Indeed, I beg your pardon, Jimmie. You don't think I would purposely neglect you?"

The lad shook his curly head with wise deliberation.

"Perhaps not, and yet my heart misgives me!" he avowed with mock tragic emphasis. "As I stood here, forgotten and alone, I said to myself, 'In her reverie you have no place,' said alas:

> "'I am only a poor poet made for singing
> at her casement,
> Like the thrushes or the finches, while
> she thought of other things!"

"Bravo, Jimmie!" cried Iva's sweet laughing voice.

They were all rising, going. Gay adieus were spoken, the massive doors opened, clanged.

A thought struck the Countess. It had thrilled her all day long. Just for the last hour had it slumbered.

She went swiftly upstairs to her own little nest of a dressing-room, and rang the bell.

CHAPTER XV.

SHE COULD never claim him, no. But she would do so much for him—would be so fond and careful of him. And if the Earl should come to love him, too, and perhaps some day adopt him!

Her maid appeared.

"I thought you would return this evening. You brought the child?"

"Yes, your ladyship."

"He is with Granny Morris?"

"Yes, your ladyship."

"Is he a fine child?"

"That he is—a bonnie little laddie. He doesn't look over strong, but he has the loveliest black eyes one could see, and hair as golden as Lady Iva's own."

"Ah, that will do! You may go, Jane. I shall not need you for an hour yet."

The door closed. Her ladyship shivered in the downy depths of her chair. She drew her breath with a hard sob.

So he had told the truth! The resemblance must be very marked. Black eyes and yellow hair. It was the rare combination of the two which had made Sir Geoffrey Damyn—plain Captain Damyn then—so handsome in her girlish eyes.

Would others remark it? Surely they must when the guest she dreaded came. Well, the boy would have to be kept quite away from the Castle while he remained. Not that the very faintest idea of the wild truth would ever enter his head, but others might remark the likeness, and it would be unpleasant for her.

As she sat by the fire, her jewelled hands clasped behind her dark head, her slippered feet crossed on the low brass fender, the folds of her dainty tea-gown lying over the russet-rug in "a rippling sweep of satin," there came into her eyes a tenderness, a lovingness, a look of infinite longing.

"My own child!"

Her lips formed the worlds, though no sound escaped them. He was so near her; and she had thought him dead this year and more. Why, he must be able to say words now, put together little sweet, broken sentences. But there was one word he would not speak. And how, away down in her heart, she longed to hear it!

She sprang to her feet. She must see him before dinner; she would have time if she hurried.

She hastened to the wardrobe, caught up a Persian shawl, flung it over her head and shoulders, whisked her skirt over her arm, unhasped a French window opening on a balcony, passed out, went quickly down the stairs, and ran along the great shadowy avenue straight as an arrow and fled as a fawn!

When Lady Silverdale reached the pretty lodge and knocked, she was quite out of breath.

A hobbling step. Granny Morris opened the door, and peered out.

"Who is it?" she demanded.

"I!" the Countess replied, slipping past her and into the little parlor.

The old woman recognized her.

"I did not know your ladyship just at first. Is Jane without?"

"No. I came alone. I just ran down to see the child. Jane told me she brought him here this afternoon. I am very much interested in him. I know his parents."

"Certainly, my lady!"

But she gave her a keen glance. She was a shrewd old woman, and she did not exactly comprehend this feverish, friendly solicitude for an orphan waif.

She took up a candle and led the way into an adjourning apartment.

The Countess followed her. Her shawl had slipped from her head. Her silken gown rustled as she moved. The lovely face was all aglow with exercise, excitement.

"There he is, your ladyship!"

On a cheap, but daintily immaculate bed, lay a sleeping baby. The clothes had been tossed off. Bare were the rosy limbs. The tiny featured face on the pillow was flushed. Over the moist brow clustered sunny hair. The lashes lay dark and curling on the pink cheeks. The red lips were half parted.

Slowly the Countess advanced and stood beside the bed. She said no word. She did not even utter a sigh.

But the white-capped old dame regarding her saw the small jewelled hands grip each other in a fierce and straining grasp.

Never, in all her strong, young life, had emotion so mastered her.

Her child—her own child—and she dared not claim him! He must know no mother. She had a son, but she lived childless! Oh, Heaven, the thought was bitter—hard to bear.

Her heart beat furiously. She felt herself growing faint and chilly.

But she gave no outward sign of the fierce struggle which swayed her. Apparently impassive she stood there.

The child stirred uneasily, and opened his eyes. She gave a sudden start.

Ah, Garrett had spoken truly! No need to ask whose child was that. The dimple in the chin, the golden curls, the beautiful black eyes—what a miniature reproduction they were!

"Willie hung'y!"

The sweet, lisping voice! He was not half as hungry as she was, she thought, with a pang.

She was frightened at the volcanic emotion the sight of the child had aroused. She had not suppposed such passionate mother love lay dormant in her heart. She dare not trust herself to stay longer.

"He is a pretty child. Take good care of him," she said, with an indolent smile.

But the kiss she pressed on the baby brow was very tender.

Thrusting a gold piece in the old woman's wrinkled hand, she hurried out—home.

She had just gained her boudoir, flung off her wrap, when her husband entered.

"Where have you been, Lilian? We've been searching everywhere for you. Our guest has arrived. Sir Geoffrey Damyn is in the drawing-room."

CHAPTER XVI.

SO he had come at last! He was plain Captain Damyn in the old days—that was before he had fallen heir to a baronetcy—Sir Geoffrey Damyn now.

"Oh!" she said, softly. "When did he arrive?"

"Soon after the others went. He drove in by the western lodge. Why, there is the first bell. You will barely have time to dress for dinner, love. Shall I ring for Jane?"

There were others coming this evening—the Rector, a young officer from Rothlyn, and a Mrs. Holdstrom and her daughter.

Their presence would be a relief; but she did so dread the first meeting. If it were only over!

"Oh, it never takes me long to dress!" she answered, haughtily. "I shall be down in ten minutes. Here is Jane—now go!"

For just a minute he made no motion to obey her smiling, imperative dismissal.

He stood looking at her with an abstracted, vaguely-troubled face.

How oddly Lilian had changed! In what particular—that he could not have told. But now and then it struck him with a queer sense of pain that he did not love his wife as passionately as he loved the girl he wooed on New Year's morning, in the bright breakfast-room of the Honor.

He shook himself impatiently, turned, went out.

If his affection was less fervent than it had been in the early days of his wedded life, the shame was his.

She was all that was sweet and fair and noble.

In the drawing-room Iva and Sir Geoffrey stood and chatted gaily.

He was telling her of mutual friends whom he had met abroad, and many mirthful reminiscences were cropping up with the mention of their names.

"It makes one feel the age of Methuselah, this looking backward," he said. "Why, you were just a little girl when last I saw you!"

"I recollect. It was class-day at Harrow. I was there with my mother's people.

"The Mordaunts—yes. You were very young when your mother died?"

"A mere baby—yes. But I have a new mother now, you know. She is not much older than I."

"Yes, I heard about the Earl's marriage. His wife was a Woodville, was she not?"

His voice had become serious, almost sad. Iva glanced up.

A fine-looking man, whose age was somewhere in the thirties, this Sir Geoffrey Damyn. His face was pale, delicate-featured, aristocratic. The wavy hair was of brownish gold; the eyes were black, and regarded you directly, if very gravely.

"Yes. His sister died a couple of months ago, so we are very quiet this year."

His lips closed firmly under his fair mustache.

"You mean Miss Marguerite Woodville?"

"Yes."

He looked at her with curiously gloomy eyes.

"I heard of that," he said.

A silence fell upon them.

"I think we are going to have snow," Iva said, walking toward the window.

A very stately, beautiful girl, this daughter of Lord Silverdale, Geoffrey Damyn decided.

Had she a lover? he wondered. It would not be long before all the young gallants of the county would be at her feet. Well, if one could judge the soul by looking in through the eyes, its wonderful windows, he would be a happy man who would win her—a happy and a proud man.

Pshaw! What business was it of his, after all?

He passed his hand wearily over his forehead.

He had had his dream of love. Sweet it was while it lasted. Well, it was over and done with now.

He walked up the room to where Iva stood at the window. It was hard to keep inactive, with the moment of his meeting with the Countess so near. It was ridiculous that he should be nervous, he told himself, angrily.

He began to wish he had never consented to come here. Would she be very like Marguerite — poor Marguerite? He had heard the resemblance between the Woodville sisters was striking, but he had never seen Lilian.

"Yes. There are a few people coming to dinner this evening. It is beginning to snow. I was a wise prophet—see!"

She had pushed back the glowing curtains of plush and lace, and was leaning forward, looking out.

Sir Geoffrey Damyn bent his blonde head toward the pane. Against the sheet of plate glass the first great feathery flakes fluttered softly.

"Oh, heaven!"

The lady of the Castle, entering, put her hand to her heart as though with a spasm of sudden pain.

The words were not audible; her lips had barely formed them.

She had nerved herself—yes, she had even drank half a glass of brandy to induce courage, composure.

But it was a shock all the same, the sight of those two standing side by side in the bay window, the fair heads so close together. It was many a long day since she had fancied she loved him; but something very like jealousy, a hot, contracting, miserable pang, flashed through her.

Rub-a-dub-dub-dub!

There was the knocker; the Rector, probably. She must get the meeting over at once.

She went on up to her room. Iva heard the light step.

"Ah, here is mamma at last!" she cried. "Sir Geoffrey Damyn, my mother the Countess of Silverdale."

Resolutely he had turned his high-bred face to the slender, little figure; now he looked at her.

"Marguerite!"

Such a wild, startled cry as it was!

He had fallen back a step and was staring at her. He was white as death. His upflung hands were shaking.

But my lady, self-possessed to the very tips of her snowy, jewelled fingers, just bowed graciously and regarded her thunderstruck guests with eyes of calm and questioning surprise.

"You remark the resemblance, Sir Geoffrey, to my poor sister, whom I believe you knew. It is not the first time a stranger has been startled by our likeness. You are very welcome to the Castle. And now will you pardon me? Here are our guests."

And with serenest dignity, she turned to greet those just entering with Harold.

Damyn's hands fell to his sides. He turned his pale face to Iva.

"I am afraid I have offended her ladyship, but the shock was overwhelming. I knew Marguerite Woodville; I could have sworn it was she who stood before me. Such a resemblance staggers comprehension!"

Iva drew a relieved breath. She had been vaguely dismayed by his outburst.

"They were wonderfully alike, everyone says. Ah, Mrs. Holdstrom! Did you bring the snow with you? I am glad to see you, Millie! Allow me to make known to you Sir Geoffrey Damyn."

And Sir Geoffrey Damyn, bowing low and uttering the light platitudes of society, felt that he had come face to face with a ghost this evening in the brilliant drawing-room of Silverdale Castle.

CHAPTER XVII.

"THE little darling!" Iva cried.

She sat down on her knees in the prim lodge kitchen, playing "peep" with the baby.

Between them was the chintz-covered arm-chair dear to the heart of Granny Morris.

When the wee yellow-haired laddie peered cautiously out on one side, and the girl flashed her lovely face on him from the other, what a merry, mingled shout went up to the brown rafters, where hung a goodly store of plump, reddish hams and "streaky" bacon.

It was the morning after the arrival of Sir Geoffrey Damyn—a most delightful morning, too—for

> "The snow had begun in the gloaming,
> And busily all the night
> Had been heaping field and highway
> With a silence pure and white."

The fields, the dells, the curving avenues, all lay in the sparkling December sunshine dazzling and fair to see.

The wide hedges were capped with pearl. Every twig on every tree was outlined as with a pencil of light; and the sky was blue as turquoise, and the air invigorating and sweet.

"Peep, Willie!"

"Peep!" echoed Willie, darting toward his comrade, and suddenly sitting down without the slightest intention of doing so.

Very bright the little kitchen looked, with its gay knitted mats on the white floor; its row of shining utensils reflecting the sunshine; its diamond-latticed window, across the lower part of which hung an immaculate Swiss curtain; its big blooming geranium and pot of gold-flowered musk on the wide ledge; its fire in the old-fashioned cavern of a fire-place, above which, from an iron crane, a tea kettle hung; its rush-bottomed chairs; its dresser, with its even rows of blue plates and mugs. And old Granny Morris herself, sitting by the hearth, spectacled, white-capped and white-aproned, her cat in her lap and her knitting needless between her fingers, gave the last

requisite touch to the quaint and homely picture.

"Poor Willie!"

Lady Iva drew the little fellow to her, and kissed the lips which were beginning to quiver ominously at the corners.

And then as, consoled, he sat playing with her watch-chain, she looked up at Granny Morris with her pretty brows winkling in perplexity.

"Did you ever, granny—ever see any one whom Willie looks like?"

The old woman gave her a quick glance over her glasses.

"Yes, dearie."

"When?"

"A good many years ago."

"Where?"

"Here."

"Here?"

"At Silverdale Castle—yes."

"Who was it?"

"A boy who was visiting there with his mother."

"What was his name?"

"Damyn."

"Geoffrey Damyn?"

"I believe so."

"Oh," the girl cried, laughing, I was right, then! That is the resemblance I saw. But I was wondering if anyone else would notice it. It is very singular."

Mrs. Morris continued her keen scrutiny. But there was nothing in Lady Iva's face but pleasurable interest.

When one has made a discovery of any sort of it is agreeable to have someone else approve the same.

"Well, I must be going."

Lady Iva stood up, lifting the little chap in her strong young arms.

"Good by, Willie!"

He put his "wet little, warm little, mouth" down on hers as she held him laughingly above her.

A few minutes later, sealskin-capped and sacqued, she was out in the frosty sunshine and walking briskly into town.

Mrs. Trendworth passed her, driving, and drew up to insist that she ride with her.

But Iva shook her head.

'Not such a lovely day. I would not give up my walk for anything."

She passed a few officers as she turned into the main street of Rothiyn.

The doffed their caps and looked after the erect young figure with a good deal of admiration.

Her shopping over, she came out of the town library. As she stepped across the threshold a gentleman, lounging a few feet away, promptly straightened up and joined her.

"Good-morning, Lady Iva!"

He held out a shapely brown hand.

She nodded, smiled, and gave him her slim fingers for a moment.

"Good morning."

"I don't see your rig."

He was looking up and down the quiet street.

"I walked in."

'Really?"

"Truly."

"It is every foot of four miles."

"Doubtless. But that is no very appalling distance, you know."

"And you are going to walk back?"

She looked up mischievously.

"I cannot very well return otherwise."

He laughed. It seemed very easy to laugh just now. The world was a jolly place after all.

"My road is the same as yours," he averred.

"But you rode in. I see your horse."

"I must leave him to be shod," he declared, gravely; but his eyes were twinkling.

He called a boy, gave him a shilling to take the animal to the blacksmith's, and then turned to the Earl's daughter.

"Allow me," taking her book.

"But I did not say you might come with me."

She was looking very beautiful, very winsome, her soft cheeks carmined by her rapid walk, her shining eyes the deep, rich blue of "violets in shady spots."

"You could not be so cruel as to say I should not? It is not in your nature—such heartlessness."

"Is it not?" she queried, lightly. "Ah, you do not know me!"

But she was walking on beside him.

"Don't be too sure of that," in a voice that was earnest and thrilling.

Over the bridge spanning the narrow stream, out of town they went.

The snow was deep for Sussex, but they were both good pedestrians.

"And how about the ball?" Lionel asked, breaking the rather embarrassing silence which had fallen upon them.

"I am going."

His handsome, dark face brightened wonderfully.

"That is good news. And will you, Lady Iva, save the first dance for me?"

She flashed him a smile.

"I will"—and then, when he would have broken out in expressions of gratitude—"I will—think about it."

"Lady Iva!"

"Mr. Lionel!"

"You can be cruel, after all."

The proud, crimson lips drooped like those of a sorrowful child.

"Why? Because I said I would think about it? Well, you are complimentary! Would you prefer I should refuse to consider it?"

The young fellow wheeled toward her protestingly.

"Now, you know I don't—couldn't mean that."

"How am I cruel, then?"

"Oh, tormenting Lady Iva!"

"In not saying yes at once!" he burst out.

A smile came dimpling around the lovely mouth. It was sternly banished.

"You would not value such a promise. You would think it was too lightly won."

"Not I," he insisted, strenuously. "Try me and see."

But very dubiously Lady Iva shook her head. She did not say a word.

For fully a hundred feet they walked on in silence. Then she looked up brightly at her escort.

"Sir Geoffrey Damyn arrived at the Castle last night."

"Did he?" sulkily.

Lady Iva turned away her face a moment. It was quite serious when she looked again at her companion.

"Yes. He is very handsome."

"Is he?"

Such a dismal voice!

"Very!" with emphasis.

And then, after a slight pause. "He, too, is going to the Bracebourough ball."

Lionel's eyes flashed.

"And you, I suppose, are reserving the first dance for him?"

Her innocent, violet black eyes were upraised to his.

"Why should I do that?"

"Oh, I don't know!" morosely, almost roughly, "unless you think it would anger me."

Lady Iva drew herself up.

"And what difference," she demanded, icily and quietly, "does it make to me whether you choose to be angered or not?"

He felt as if he had been drenched with cold water.

"Oh, not any, of course!" he avowed, drearily apologetic.

The remainder of their walk was rather dull. Now and then a smile came lurking in Iva's dimples, but Lionel, looking frowningly ahead, did not see it.

When they reached the entrance to the demesne she turned and held out her hand.

"Good bye! What a charming walk we've had! Shan't we see you at kettledrum?" she asked, cordially.

The poor fellow stared at her as he released her hand.

"I—I don't think so."

"Oh, yes, come if you can; and you can if you will. I want to talk about the ball. You ought to be interested in that, as I have promised to save the first and the last dance for you. Good-bye!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ABOUT TEA.

In China, tea is grown for the most part in small gardens farmed by those who own them, generally men of little or no capital with which to obtain fertilizers and to renew the plants from time to time.

The 'picking' is done by the family of the grower; but in the height of the season extra hands have to be employed. To economize this expense, the picking is pushed forward, and the plucked leaves are allowed to stand until the picking is finished, whereby they suffer greatly in quality.

A consequence of this manner of proceeding is that the leaves are not evenly 'withered' when the process of manufacture begins.

In India, on the other hand, the tea is grown in large gardens, sometimes covering thousands of acres, superintended either by the owner himself or by a skilled agent.

The plants are grown from selected seeds, and the indigenous plant has been found superior to the China plant which was at first favored. The labor is all done by coolies, brought from the central provinces at a considerable expense, and the wages are high—for India.

Close and constant supervision by European managers and assistants is thus necessary, and by this means the Indian planters get some sixteen successive pickings in one season; while the Chinese get only four. Moreover, in the Indian gardens, when the leaves are plucked, they are at once started on the course of 'making,' and are not left to lie about, as in China; so there is no deterioration.

Each picking of a garden is in India called a 'break,' and in China a 'chop.' But an Indian 'break' is rarely above a hundred chests, and is often only twenty, and it is absolutely even in quality throughout; whereas a Chinese 'chop' may be run up to several hundred chests or half-chests, purporting to be of even quality, but made up of many pickings from different gardens, producing a mixture which is not uniform, at the expense of the deterioration of the better leaves.

In India, each day's picking is immediately 'withered,' and when perfectly withered, is 'rolled' lightly by a machine. In China, the withered or partially withered leaves are put into small cotton bags, loosely tied, and placed in open wooden boxes, the sides of which are pierced with numerous holes. A man then gets into the box and presses and kneads the bags with his feet, with the object of both rolling the leaves and expressing the moisture.

Next comes 'fermentation.' In India, this is done in the open air, without any extraneous aid, and it is part of the skill of the planter to know the exact moment when to arrest the process, for immediately the proper point is reached, the tea must be fired.

In China, after the jumping process above described, the tea is placed in baskets and covered up with cotton or felt mats, so as to retain the heat and hasten the fermentation. After it has stood thus covered up for a certain time, it is taken out and fired. This firing is one of the most important of all the processes, and requires great skill and care. The Indian planter is most particular to see that only the very best hardwood charcoal is used, and that the tea is so constantly turned over that there is no chance of any of it getting burned.

A single basket of burnt leaf will spoil a whole 'break.' In China they often make the tea smoky by using ill-made charcoal, and sometimes 'tarry' by firing with soft woods like fir and pine. The 'tarry' flavor, it is said, will often not develop until long after the tea has left China, and some waters bring it out more disagreeably than others. The following is or should be the process of 'firing' by the charcoal system.

After the fire is ready a tubular basket, narrow at the middle and wide at both ends, is placed over it, and into this tube a sieve is dropped, covered with tea-leaves, shaken on it to about an inch in thickness. The leaves have to be carefully watched while the sieve is over the fire; and after about five or six minutes, they are removed and rolled.

As the balls of leaves come out of the hands of the roller, they are placed in a heap on the floor; and when all have been thus manipulated, they are shaken on to the sieves again and set over the fire for a few minutes longer. They may even sometimes be rolled and fired a third time until the leaves have assumed the right dark color. When the whole batch has been thus treated, it is placed thickly in the baskets and again put over the fire.

The attendant makes a hole with his hand through the centre of the mass, so as to allow vent to the heat as well as to any smoke or vapor from the charcoal, and he then covers it over with a flat basket. The heat of the fire is now reduced, and the tea is allowed to remain over it until perfectly dry.

It has to be constantly watched and frequently stirred to ensure equal heating. When the firing is done, the black color of black tea should be well established, although it afterwards improves in appearance. The tea is then winnowed and sifted through various sieves to divide it into the different kinds.

TRUE unselfishness, like true love, must seek the highest good of others—that and nothing else—must be willing to give up, if need be, some of its own "dear delights," and even seem to choose the little pleasures and indulgences which it would so gladly hand over to others; must learn to find its highest pleasures, not in self-mortification, nor indeed in any self-regarding at all, but simply in the furtherance of the true happiness, the true welfare, the best and highest interests of others.

THE truth about some men is never known until after they are dead, and you can't find it then upon their monuments.

Bric-a-Brac.

A STARLING'S JOURNEY.—The ability pigeons display in finding their way home from long distances in a very short time is a matter of every-day knowledge, but it is not so generally understood that starlings are gifted with remarkable powers in the same direction. A starling was recently caught, marked, despatched by train, and then released at a fixed hour. In the course of three hours it had found its way home, and was feeding its young, having travelled in the time no few than thirty miles in a direct line.

AN ANCIENT INDENTURE.—Some time ago when W. H. Phillips tore down the old house on the Phillips farm in North Adams, Mass., near the west shaft, he found among the accumulations of the garret the parchment indenture made when Mr. Phillip's great-great-great-grandfather, John Hull, started to learn the carpenter's trade in England. He was apprenticed to serve seven years and his remuneration was to be £3 a year. At the end of that time he was to receive, according to stipulation of the bond, "one X (axe) and a squir and a hansco (handsaw), fouer nogers (augers), a paire of chyselis, a gouge and a hammer." The indenture is dated "Septem" 9 1668, and is highly prized by Mr. Phillips as a relic, and also as a fragment of family history.

LIONS.—Lions, as a rule, hunt in family parties. A very old lion is generally to be found at the head of such a coterie, and on him devolves no unimportant part of the programme. Down to leeward, where the draught bullocks are made fast when a train halts for rest, the young and active males and lionesses place themselves behind what available cover is found. This being done, the old lion goes to windward of the encampment and shakes out his abundant mane in the breeze, so that the odor from it may be carried down to the excited draught animals. One sniff of the tainted breeze brings every ox to his feet in a moment. Then the aggressor gives utterance to his deepest and loudest roar, when the frightened beasts, if not secured by the stoughtest fastening that can be obtained, will break free and rush into the very jaws of their foes, secreted to leeward.

BLACK STONE.—For nearly a century after the discovery of the "black stone," as coal was first called in England, the peasantry were its chief consumers. In the reign of Edward I. the aversion to this fuel was most pronounced, and a proclamation was issued prohibiting its use in London. Even dyers, brewers, &c., were forbidden to burn coal on pain of fine, loss of furnace, &c. The proclamation was brought about by the prelates, nobles and gentry, who complained that they could not stay in town on account of "the noisome smell and thick air" caused by burning coal. Stow, referring to this period, says: "The nice dames of London would not come into any house or room where sea-coals were burned, nor willingly eat of the meat that was even sod or roasted with sea-coal." It was in the reign of Edward I. that a man was tried, convicted, and executed for the crime of burning sea-coal in London. The students of Oxford and Cambridge were not permitted to have fires until the days of Henry VIII., and to warm themselves they ran for some distance—certainly a cheap mode of obtaining warmth.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS.—The natives of New Mexico are half-civilized, and from the fact of their living in *pueblos*, or villages, are call the Pueblo Indians. They are mostly Christians, and as such they observe Christmas Day. On this festive day they have one curious custom which is partly heathen in its origin. They then lay on the altar little clay images of horses, sheep, cows, deer, and so forth. It seems that this means that they have been successful farmers or hunters during the year, and that they have had a particular amount of success in rearing or chasing the animal whose image is thus placed on the altar on Christmas Day at the feet of the Great Spirit. A traveller who had entered one of their churches on this day was astonished to hear the warbling of birds—the thrush and canary especially—throughout the building. Making his way to the gallery whence the songs appeared chiefly to come, he saw some twenty boys lying on the floor, each with a basin of water before him and blowing into it through a reed spit in such a way as to imitate the notes of various birds. This was the band of music for the festival. Outside of the church and in the village square the Indians were dancing to the sound of a drum, and the dancing was kept up during the three following days.

RAIN IN SUNSHINE.

BY JULIAN.

Welcome, welcome, gentle rain,
Falling through the golden beams;
Welcome to each hill and plain,
Welcome to the shrunken streams;
Welcome to the thirsty flowers;
Welcome, welcome, sunny showers.

Welcome, gems of Nature's mould,
Fresh from purer air above,
Bringing blessings vast untold,
From the store of Nature's love,
To the hill, wood, stream, and plain,
Welcome, lovely, bounteous rain!

LORD AND LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

SHE BENT forward so near that the red-brown hair almost touched his lips. His breath came fast, and he stood still as stone—but, ah! how unlike a stone with that fast beating heart!—and Norah, entirely absorbed in the curious insect, touched it with her forefinger.

"I don't quite like it," she said, drawing back her finger and looking up at him with a smile and a little feminine shudder which he thought surely the most charming gesture he had ever imagined. "No, I am sure I don't like it," and she laughed.

"Then good-bye, glow-worm," he said. "Poor thing, I pity you!" he added inaudibly as he laid it on the grass; "to be disliked by her!"

"I daresay he is immensely relieved," said Norah.

"Ah, he didn't know when he was well off," he said.

Norh moved forward and instinctively laid her hand on his arm again.

She had crossed round to the other side of him while she had been examining the glow-worm, and it was his left arm that she now touched, and lightly as she touched it she felt a faint shudder run through him.

Her hand flew from his arm, and she stopped and looked at him.

The moon was shining full upon his face, and she saw that he had gone deathly pale, and that he had caught his under lip in his teeth.

She stood for a moment, her face going from red to white, then the red fled, and the white alone remained.

"You are hurt," she breathed, and there seemed to be almost a sob in the simple words.

Only three words, but surely never were three simple words more eloquent!

Norah stopped as she spoke them, and looked at Cyril, and there was consternation and tender reproach in her beautiful eyes as well as in her voice.

The glance and the words made his blood run riot in his veins, and his face was no longer pale.

"It is nothing," he said, trying to speak carelessly, and smiling.

"But it is something," she persisted, her brow wrinkled with anxiety and remorse.

She had thought of the horses, the coachman, the footman, even a little of herself, and had bestowed no thought upon him who had come to the aid of all of them.

"It is something! You winced when I—I touched you," and she stood still as if she declined to go until she was satisfied.

"Well," he said hesitatingly, "I think I must have strained my arm, or ricked it or something of the kind; but it isn't of the least consequence, I assure you, Lady Norah."

"You strained your arm?" she said, utterly refusing to accept his tone of levity and indifference. "When? When you were trying to drag the carriage out of the way?"

"I daresay," he assented, but avoiding her eyes, still fixed on him earnestly.

"No! I remember, you scarcely tried; it must have been before that? Why"—the blood rose to her face, then left it pale and remorseful, and she came closer to him—"was it you who stopped the horses?"

She let her eyes run over him.

"You are all dusty, and your coat is torn! Oh, how blind, how blind I have been! You did stop the horses, did you not, and you are badly hurt?" and in her sorrow and anxiety her hands went together almost piteously.

Cyril gave up trying to smile the question away.

"Well," he admitted, almost as if were something to be ashamed of, "I was lucky enough to get hold of them, and it was clumsy of me, but they got me down, and I suppose I just twisted my arm."

Norah shuddered. She had a keen imagination, and saw it all: the terrified plunging horses struggling in his grasp, and eventually forcing him to the ground and dragging him under their hoofs.

She saw it a great deal worse than it had really been, and a faint moan broke from her now pale lips.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she said, almost inaudibly.

He looked up at her as guiltily as if he had been discovered in the commission of a crime.

"I assure you it is nothing," he began, but she interrupted him.

"Ah, I cannot trust you! You have made light of it, and I cannot believe that you are not hurt. Is there anything, anything I can do?"

"Nothing, nothing, Lady Norah," he managed to interpose.

"And I was so selfish I thought of nothing but myself and the—the others," she said penitently. "I might have known that you would have tried to stop them! Oh, I wish—I wish I had not let you come with me! Will you go home now?"

"That I certainly will not," responded Cyril with a smile. "If you knew how glad, how proud I am to be with you——" He stopped, conscious of the intensity in his voice, and that its intensity had brought the color to her face and caused her to lower her eyes.

"I mean," he stammered, "that I could not think of letting you go alone."

"And yet it is such a little way," she remonstrated.

"Yes, a very little way," he assented, with something like a sigh. In pain as he was, it was all too short for him.

"Could you not battle it? Is it broken?" she asked.

"No, no," he said, with his short laugh. "That I am certain it is not, and there is no water here."

"If you will come," she said, "let us get to the Court as quickly as possible," and she set off.

"There is no need for hurry on my account," he said pleadingly; "and do take my arm again."

"No," she said firmly, "it is you who should take mine. I ought to help you, who need help more than I do. Shall I, can I, help you?"

He shook his head, smiling.

"I could walk twenty miles," he said. "My arm is a little stiff, that is all."

"Let us hurry," she said. "You do not know what you have done to it—or will not tell me," she added with a reproach that was ineffably sweet and serious. "And yet you would not let me rest until you had found out that I was not hurt."

"The cases are altogether different," he said. "If you had been hurt——"

He stopped.

"Don't let us think of anything so horrible."

"What would it have mattered?" she retorted with self-scorn; "I am only a useless girl, while you—Will you be able to paint?" she broke off to ask.

"As well—or as badly—as ever," he said cheerfully. "It's the left arm."

She looked at it wistfully, and her look seemed to carry healing in it; the dull dead pain seemed to cease.

"Upon my word you make me feel mean," he said with a laugh. "I don't believe there is anything the matter with me."

"I don't believe a word you say," she responded with sad indignation.

"Well, then, don't let us say anything more about it," he remarked. "What a lovely night! I think the moon shines more brightly at Santleigh than at any other place I have ever seen her."

"I wish we were home," said Norah, disregarding his rhapsody. "And even then there will be no doctor;"

"That's something to be thankful for," he retorted, determined to dispel her anxiety if he could.

She was walking a few paces in front of him, and stopped suddenly before a small gate with a little cry of dismay.

"The gate's locked!" she said.

He went up to it and shook it.

"The keeper must have locked it," he said.

Norah looked round. She knew that the only other gate was at least a mile distant.

"Oh, what shall we do?" she exclaimed under her breath.

Cyril examined the hindrance; it was a chain secured by an ordinary padlock.

"Don't be alarmed," he said, with a smile; "from trespass to burglary is a very easy step. The other day I was on forbidden ground, now I am about to make forcible entry."

He dislodged a big stone from the hedge and smashed the padlock.

"Rather a rough kind of 'Open Sesame!'" he said.

Norah looked at him.

It seemed to her that he was prepared for any kind of emergency, and, little thing though it was, it brought a subtle kind of admiration into her eyes.

"You think of everything," she said softly. "I should have walked round."

"Well," he responded, "ladies are not supposed to break open padlocks; it's a man's privilege. I wonder whether the gamekeeper will shoot me, or only insist upon my getting six months?"

He held the gate open as he spoke for her to pass through, and in doing so his hand chanced to touch hers. Her pity and tenderness had given him courage, and he took advantage, man-like; his hand closed on hers, and he drew it within his arm.

"You see, my right arm is all right," he said pleadingly.

Norah's lashes hid her eyes, but she allowed her hand to rest where he had placed it.

"What will you do when you reach home?" she asked, as if the silence that was falling upon them embarrassed her. "Will you send for a doctor?"

"No," he said. "Do you really wish to know, Lady Norah?"

She did not answer, and he went on after a pause—

"I shall light a pipe and throw myself into my armchair, and think over all the incidents of this eventful night."

"Sadly eventful," she said, trying to speak in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Sadly? Not to me. If I had had my way, if the gods had offered me my choice of a night, I should have chosen——"

He stopped in time, remembering that she was under his protection, that an accident had compelled her to be his companion at this unusual hour, and alone, and he could not take advantage of it to lay bare his heart. But the temptation—ah, the temptation was terrible!

"You would have chosen to break your arm?" said Norah, scarcely knowing what she said, but trying to speak banteringly and make light of his words.

"No, I should have chosen to be of some slight service to you," he answered in a low voice. "Do you know what it is that makes me so happy?"

"No. Are you so happy?" she said, letting her eyes rest on his face for a moment.

"Very, completely happy," he answered, "it is just the reaction. When I saw you lying there so still I thought—never mind what I thought; and now I have you walking by my side quite unhurt I feel like—like a man who has escaped the loss of a fortune, or come out well from an awkward scrape."

"Then it is all on my account," she said, "and there is no thought of yourself."

"It is all on your account," he assented. "Don't spoil my pleasure by speaking of myself. Ah, there is the house!"

He broke off with something like a sigh as the great place, shining in the moonlight, loomed before them.

Norah stopped.

"And now you will go?" she said.

He stopped with a distinct look of disappointment.

"Would you rather that I did not go with you to the house?" he asked.

"No," she replied in a low voice, "I was thinking of yourself. I wanted you to get home. I would like you to come, that my father may know all you have done, and thank you as you deserve."

"Then I will come," he said. "But you have thanked me more than enough, Lady Norah!"

"I have not thanked you at all," she retorted. "What could I say?"

"Do you really wish to thank me?" he asked in a low voice.

They had reached the steps, and he stood with one foot on the bottom one, looking at her with a light in his eyes which she seemed to feel under her lowered lids.

"If you do, don't say one word, but just give me the rose you wear."

His heart smote him the moment he had made the request, and he was prepared to see her draw herself up and reprove him with a look of maiden dignity.

But she stood and looked down at the flower which Lady Ferndale had picked for her and placed in her girdle, and he saw the color come and go in her lovely face.

"It is a poor guerdon," she said with a flickering smile that seemed to make her face more serious. "It is all dusty and faded."

"I would rather have it than the freshest and finest!" he said fervently, and his eyes wandered wistfully from the rose to her face.

Slowly she took the flower—it was dusty and faded—from her belt and held it out to him, standing with downcast face.

He took the rose and pressed it to his lips; then, carried away by the thought that she had worn it, feeling that it was, so to speak, part and parcel of herself that she had given him, he took her hand, and bending over it, kissed it passionately.

Norah went white to the lips. It was her hand only he had kissed, but it was the first kiss of love, and it stirred her maiden heart to its depths.

With a long breath she thrilled throughout her whole being, and stood looking at him, half fearfully, wholly entranced.

He looked up at her, his face almost as white as hers.

"Ah, forgive me!" he murmured remorsefully. "Forgive me! I—I did not think! I—ah, you would not be angry, you would forgive me if you understood, if you knew how I love you!"

She shrank back slightly, and drawing her hand away, pressed it unconsciously against her heart.

"Ah, I have said it!" he murmured desperately, as if he saw that he had lost her for ever, but that it was useless to try and recall his words. "I love you, Lady Norah, I love you! Do not speak to me yet! You are angry, offended! I have behaved badly! I ought not to have said it! But——"

A sound broke the silence of the night. It was the opening of the great door. He stopped, and Norah with a start looked towards the house.

Two figures stood plainly revealed against the light in the hall.

Cyril raised his head and passed his hand over his forehead.

"Lady Norah," he said in a voice that was scarcely audible, "don't cast me off until you have seen me, heard me——"

He could say no more.

They had gone up the steps, and stood before the earl and Guildford Berton.

Guildford Berton darted a dark look from under his brows at each of them in turn, then dropped his eyes and stood with tightly-drawn lips in sinister silence.

The earl regarded them with haughty surprise on his cold face, and in a tone of ice, disregarding his daughter's presence, said:

"Mr. Burne! To what do I owe the pleasure of this visit?"

Norah put her hand on his arm to stop him.

"Papa!" she said hurriedly, "there has been an accident! Lady Ferndale's horses ran away and the carriage was upset, and Mr. Burne—" she stopped a moment for breath, "Mr. Burne stopped the horses at great peril."

The earl calmly took her hand and removed it from his arm.

"Excuse me," he said coldly. "Do I understand that Mr. Burne has rendered you a service?"

Norah's face went crimson, and she stole a pleading glance to where Cyril stood perfectly calm and at his ease.

"Yes, yes," she said, "Mr. Burne stopped the horses—the two great horses—think papa!—and," her voice grew lower, and was meant for his ear alone, "and he is hurt!"

The earl's face did not soften in the slightest.

"That Mr. Burne is hurt I much regret," he said stiffly, "and I trust that the injury is not a serious one. Where did you—er—leave the carriage; I do not see it?"

"The carriage is a wreck, papa," said Norah, almost distracted at his coldness and ingratitude. "We left it in the lane."

"And you have taxed Mr. Burne's kindness to the extent of accompanying you home!" said the earl in a tone of rebuke intended as much for Cyril as for herself. "Why did you not send one of the servants here for a carriage?"

"I did not think—there was no time! Oh, papa," she broke off under her breath, "are you not going to thank him for all he has done?"

The earl shot a glance at her of suppressed anger.

"I trust Mr. Burne will do me the justice to acknowledge that I have attempted to thank him in my poor way."

"No thanks are needed, my lord," said Cyril quietly. "I am afraid Lady Norah puts too high a value on the poor service I was fortunate to render her. I was lucky enough to be passing at the moment of the accident, that is all. I trust that Lady Norah is not injured. It was I who should have thought of sending for a carriage, but there were difficulties in the way. I sent one man with the horses, and the other

was left with the carriage. I wish you good-night, my lord. Good-night, Lady Norah," and he raised his hat.

Norah stood, her face white and red by turns; her father's coldness and hauteur filled her with shame; she was tingling from head to foot.

"Papa, papa!" she murmured almost piteously.

"Will you not step in, Mr. Burne?" said the earl, completely disregarding her.

But Cyril declined to "step in."

"No, thank you, my lord," he said with well-bred ease, and was turning to go, when Norah held out her hand suddenly.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you!" she said slowly, her large eyes full of emotion, as if she meant to make up for her father's short-comings.

Cyril took her hand pressed it, and with a bow that included the earl and Guildford Berton, turned and went down the marble steps.

The great door closed behind him. He walked down the drive nearly to the lodge, then suddenly he stopped and sat down.

He had ignored and made light of his hurts while Norah had been with him, but now the pain in his his arm was so acute that he felt giddy and sick from it.

He leant against the smooth-shaven bank of turf, and tried to feel the injured limb, but he could scarcely bear the touch of his own fingers.

Was he going to be idiot enough to faint, he thought?

Angry at the idea, he struggled to his feet, thinking he would reach the lodge and ask for a glass of water; but the lodge and the trees and the sky executed a peculiar kind of dance before his eyes, and he fell back on the bank.

He had lain there in delicious unconsciousness for a couple of minutes when Becca South came through the gate.

She was walking with a light, careful step, as if she wished to avoid attracting the attention of the people at the lodge, and her pink dress flitted like an overgrown moth against the dark trees.

She saw Cyril, and stopped with a little cry of alarm, then cautiously and fearfully approached him.

"Why, it's the painter gentleman!" she exclaimed with a surprise which intensified as she saw how motionless Cyril lay.

At first she thought—well, Becca thought that he was intoxicated, and she grew alarmed when, bending over him, she saw that he had fainted.

Her first idea was to run to the lodge and call the keeper, Jobson, to her aid; but she did not do so.

Eve, the mother of us all, was not more curious than her daughter Becca, and Becca's little mind was all agog to discover the reason why the strange gentleman should have fallen down in a fainting fit in the Court avenue.

She knelt beside the still form, and with hands that trembled a little, unfastened his collar, and held her hand, cold and wet with dew from the long grass, upon his forehead.

He looked very handsome, Becca thought, as he lay there, and the black, glittering eyes scanned his face and clothes minutely.

"Has he been fighting?" she asked herself, as she noticed the dust and rent in his coat.

But there were no marks on his clean-cut, sunburned face, and, still puzzled, Becca thought that perhaps he had been knocked down and robbed.

Burglars and footpads were not of common occurrence in Santleigh, but occasionally tramps passed through, and petty larcenies followed in their trail.

But if he had been knocked down and left for dead, his assailants had left him his watch, for the chain was glittering in the moonlight.

CHAPTER XIII.

BECCA, LOOK NG round swiftly, took the watch from his pocket and looked at it. It was a handsome one, with a monogram which puzzled her, and which few persons could have disentangled. She put the watch to her ear, turned the key in the handle—Cyril wondered the next day what on earth had come to his first-class lever!—and then put it back in its place. As she did so she caught sight of an envelope in the breast pocket of his coat. She put her hand in and took it out, and, looking round again warily, read it by the light of the moon. There was not much in it to satisfy her burning curiosity.

It ran thus:

"Dear Cyril, I found on getting to town that your picture, 'The Reapers,' was making a stir. I always told you that it was just bad and tricky enough to catch the public taste. Moses the picture dealer has offered $400 for it, and I've made bold to ask $500 and will take that sum if I can screw him up to it. Have you recovered from your madness, or is the dog star still burning? I don't ask you what you are doing, for I know. You are just loafing about, dreaming, mooning, anything but working. Oh, the brief madness which men call love! Adieu, insane youth.

"JACK."

Of course Becca did not understand the latter part of the note, but the earlier made her prick up her ears.

The handsome gentleman was not only amusing himself by painting pictures, but getting hundreds of dollars for one!

She looked for more letters, but could not find any; in fact, there was nothing else to reward her search, but a faded and dusty rose which she found between his waistcoat and his shirt, lying upon his heart, indeed.

She looked at this with a puzzled frown on her warm classical brow, then with a little smile put it back.

In doing so she touched his arm, and the pain caused him to come to

His eyes opened and his lips moved, and Becca, bending down her head, heard him murmur a name:

"Norah!"

Her eyes lightened and her face flushed. She had discovered something, at any rate. This handsome young stranger was in love with her beautiful mistress.

She raised his head and fanned him with her hat, and presently he came round completely, and eyed her at first with a passionate look which changed to one of surprise.

"Why, you are not——" he said. "I thought it was—— It is Becca South isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," said Becca, so demurely that if anyone had told him she had read his letter and broken his watch he would not have believed it.

"Where am I?" he asked confusedly.

"In the Court drive, sir," she replied. "I found you lying here, just as you are. Have you been ill?"

"I don't know. Oh, yes, I do," he said, wincing as he felt his arm. "Yes, I must have fainted, like a woman," he added with disgust. "I have injured my arm, Becca."

He struggled to his feet and leant against her arm lightly, sighing a little; for you see he had been half dreaming that Norah stood beside him, and the disappointment was keen.

"Lor', sir," said Becca, "how did it happen?"

"Too long a story, Becca," he answered, wiping the dew from his face. "But I'm all right now."

"That you're not, sir," said Becca firmly; "you're all of a tremble."

"Yes, and my head feels like lead," he laughed shortly. "Becca, you need not tell anyone that you found me like this," he went on; "they might think that I'd been taking too much to drink."

"For certain and sure they would," assented Becca with the force of conviction. "Lor,' sir, how sorry my mistress would be to hear of it!"

"Your mistress?"

"Yes, the Lady Norah," said Becca demurely, her eyes flashing on him for a moment.

"Lady Norah your mistress?" he said; "wait a minute," and he sank down on the bank again.

Becca, perfectly content to stay for many minutes if she could glean any further information, seated herself beside him.

As she did so a stealthy footstep came over the grass behind them, and Guildford Burton approached.

There was no particular reason why he should choose the grass instead of the path, but it was his habit to move about as noiselessly as possible, and as he walked with his head hung low and in deep thought, he did not see them until he was close upon them.

Then he pulled up and stepped behind a tree.

"Yes, sir, Lady Norah has took me to be a kind of com panion," said Becca, with a touch of pride.

"I see. Well, Lady Norah will have a very pretty companion," he said mechanically. He was thinking whether he could trust this girl with a message to Norah. He must see her again—must lay his heart bare to her. "Do you think you can take a message to Lady Norah for me, Becca?" he said.

Becca nodded and pursed her lips. Anything in the shape of mystery or intrigue delighted her.

"You trust me, sir," she said concisely.

"Yes," said Cyril, "I think I will. Will you tell Lady Norah that I will be in the glade where I painted Casper, and say that I beg her to meet me there to-morrow at five o'clock?"

"Yes, sir," said Becca, "at five o'clock."

He put his hand in his pocket and found half-a crown and gave it to her, and Becca's brown little paw closed over it eagerly.

"I'll be careful and tell her the very words," she said, "and now I'll go and get something for you from the lodge."

"No, no!" said Cyril; "I will wait another minute till my head feels less leady. You run home, Becca."

But she refused.

"I'll stay till you're all right," she said. "You might faint again."

Guildford Berton waited only till he had heard the message given, then he glided on quickly and still in the shadow to the lodge. As he did so the door opened, and Jobson, the lodge keeper, came out.

He was in his shirt sleeves and was smoking a long clay pipe, with which he touched his forehead as he recognized Mr. Berton.

"Good evening, sir," he said. "I thought I heard voices, and just slipped out to see who it was. Them darned tramps be about a sight lately."

An inspiration flashed into Berton's mind.

He stole up to the man, and laying a hand on his shirt sleeve drew him forward.

"Hush!" he said, with an amused smile; "you did hear voices, but it isn't tramps," and he pointed to two figures seated on the bank.

Jobson shaded his eyes.

"Why, who is it?" he said in a subdued voice to match Guildford Berton's. "Ah, it's that young Becca——"

"Yes, it's pretty little Becca and her sweetheart, I suppose," was the answer, good naturedly spoken. "Just the night for lovers, eh, Jobson?"

The old man looked up at the moon and smiled.

"Aye, sir," he assented. "Lor', what a flirt that girl be! She have turned the heads of all the young fellows in the village, and there'll be mischief among 'em presently, I do think. That's the worst of a pretty girl, Mr. Berton!"

"She appears to be able to turn a London head as well as country ones," said Guildford Berton with almost a paternal smile. "The young fellow who is with her is the artist, Mr. Burne, who is stopping at the inn."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Jobson under his breath. "Why, he's a gentleman, beant he, sir?"

Berton shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, well, gentleman a' mire pretty girls, you know, Jobson. We will not disturb them; we've all been young once, eh?"

Jobson chuckled softly at this.

"You're young enough yet, sir," he said. "But that Becca's a flirt, she be!"

"Good night," said Guildford Berton in a low voice, and walking on, but Jobson waited at the half closed door until Becca flitted past him on her way to her grandfather's cottage.

"Good-night, Becca!" said the old man slyly.

She returned his greeting in a voice of the sweetest innocence, and sped on; but Jobson still waited, and presently Cyril walked past.

Jobson was too respectful to address him, but took a good look at him as he passed, then went down and locked the gate.

Guildford Berton had drawn back into the shadow of the trees beside the horse pond, and waited till Cyril came slowly up to him, then he stepped into the light.

Cyril, deep in thought, started at his sudden appearance.

"Oh, it's you,"

"Yes," was the quiet answer. "I thought you would pass, and I waited to ask you whether you were hurt.

Cyril looked rather surprised at the friendly tone of the speech. The man had maintained a solemn silence at the hall door.

"How did you pass me?" he asked. "I came down the drive."

"And I was tempted by the fineness of the night to walk round by the bridle path," said Guildford Berton. "But you haven't answered my question. Are you hurt? Can I help you?"

"Well, I don't know," said Cyril wearily. He was worn out with the pain and excitement. "I've done something to my arm," and he touched it.

Berton nodded.

"I thought you looked rather pale and done up," he said. "You had better come on to my place and let me see what's the matter with it; I'm a bit of a doctor, you know."

"Ah, yes, so you said," said Cyril listlessly. "Very well. It's very kind of you."

Guildford Berton led the way down the gloomy lane, and unlocked the door in the wall, and motioned to Cyril to enter. A lantern stood behind the door, and he lit it, and holding it above his head unlocked the door of the house.

If it had seemed cold and dark and grim to Cyril on his first visit, it appeared doubly so now, and a faint shudder run through him as he thought that if he ever wanted a scene for a murder this cheerful residence would supply it in all its details.

His host lit the lamp, and motioned Cyril into a chair. As he sat down he noticed again the faint smell of chemicals, and it struck upon his jaded senses with an intense repugnance.

"Now then, stand up," said Berton.

Cyril did so, and the amateur doctor took the injured arm. Cyril drew a sharp breath and a gleam of malignant enjoyment glowed Guildford Berton's eyes.

"Take your coat off," he said

"You might as well ask me to take off the roof of the house," retorted Cyril grimly.

"Then I must cut it," he said, and he took a knife from his pocket, and opened a long, sharp blade. He held it for a moment, his eyes downcast and his lips twitching, and if Cyril could have read the thought that flashed through his companion's mind he would have seized the weapon from its owner's grip.

But after a moment's pause Guildford Berton cut out dexterously the sleeve of the coat and rolled up the shirt sleeve.

"You've put your arm out!" he said, and Cyril almost fancied that a note of satisfaction sounded in the tone.

"That's not so bad is it?" he said cheerfully.

"No. It might have been worse," responded Guildford Berton as he eyed the well-formed limb, "but it will be painful to get back. I'll try if you like."

"Of course!" said Cyril, holding out his arm.

Guildford Berton took hold of it and performed the operation which, simple as it looks, requires a skilful hand and some nerve.

His hand was skilful, and as to his nerve, he would have inflicted any amount of pain upon a yellow creature—especially upon Cyril Burne—as coolly as he would have worked a pump handle!

Cyril set his teeth hard, but not a groan escaped him, and he sat down upon the table.

"Thank you, thank you," he said. "By Jove, you ought to have been a surgeon!"

He put his hand to his forehead; it was wet with perspiration.

"Faint?" said Guildford Berton. "Wait, I'll give you something."

He went to the cupboard and unlocked it, and his hand went to one of the bottles containing sal volatile; then he paused and, casting a swift glance full of hate over his shoulder at the weary figure on the table his hand went glidingly to the small bottle hidden in his breast pocket.

His fingers closed round the phial like so many serpents, and his heart beat quickly.

He had drawn it almost out of its hiding-place when Cyril Burne suddenly stood upright.

"Don't trouble, Mr. Berton," he said with a laugh. "I'm as right as ninepence now, and I've got all a child's horror of medicine."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE WEDDING ALBUM.—A pretty fancy which is to be carried into effect at some of the weddings is that of having a "wedding album" for each member of the bridal party. These albums are purchased by the bride, and in them are placed photographs of the bride and bridegroom, the best man, ushers, maid of honor, bridesmaid, and officiating clergyman, with the autograph of each under his and her own photograph. On the fly leaf is written out the place, time, and date of the marriage ceremony. Sometimes in the bride's album is placed a highly illuminated marriage certificate. These albums are, of course, prepared after the wedding, when the bride and bridesmaids are photographed in their wedding finery.

WE are apt to value ourselves more on exposing the faults of others, than on correcting our own.

EARLY SPRING.

BY E. N. HASH.

Fair is a Springtide morning
When along the hedgerows peep
Pale primroses and daisies
That have been so long asleep.

All in its sweetest glory
The gorse shines bright as gold,
Far dotted on the hillside
With splendors manifold.

See, in the quaint old homestead,
Our flowers bloom to-day,
And the sweet rose-garden echoes
With a footstep lost for aye.

Is it strange the little children
Whisper often soft and low
Their secrets to the flowers
Of the sweet days long ago?

Clasped in my baby's fingers
Is a crushed pink daisy-head,
Ah, were there no remembrances—
No words left still unsaid!

Do you wonder, little children,
Why I watch and pine and wait
As I see the wild lark soaring
Far up to heaven's gate?

St. Winifred's Porch.

BY C. S. T.

IT WAS THE SEASON at B——. The principal inn, or hotel, as it preferred to be called, was full to overflowing. All day the visitors hurried in and out, and gay laughter mingled with the clinking of glass and the rattle of cutlery. Light footsteps passed along the corridors; yet the lightest, the thoughtless, of the holiday makers trod softly and spoke low as they stole past one room; for in No. 17 Sir Percival Dann lay dying.

It was a stormy night. The rain had driven the visitors indoors; their chatter and the click of the billiard balls as they knocked them to and fro were carried to the sick room.

In No. 17 the flames flickered over the showy, veneered furniture, the dingy curtains, the tarnished mouldings, the tawdry gilt and finery of the best bedroom in a second-rate French hotel.

Mingled with the sound of the rain as it drove against the window, of the wind as it shrieked round the house, was the sick man's voice loudly raised in delirium.

He started up, and turned his brilliant, dilated eyes on the man by the bedside.

"In St. Winifred's porch," he cried—"I hid it in St. Winifred's porch. No one will find it; no hand shall touch my treasure. The church-goers as they pass through will never dream that behind the stone lies a thing so precious. One stone—one of so many; yet I should know it; I shall never forget—the sixth along on the ninth row; and I marked it with an arrow. It is hidden there. I could have kept it; it might have lain on my breast, or been clasped tight, tight in my dead hand. But other hands would have held it then: would have touched it coarsely, not knowing how priceless, how rare it was. Behind the stone—no choice could have been better."

He sank back on the pillows and lay still—very still; his fluttering, failing breath coming painfully. Then one word passed his parched, fevered lips—one word, softly murmured:

"Margaret!"

He was dead.

Dr. North bent over the bed and gazed at the handsome, set face.

"Poor fellow!" he murmured. "So young, too! I wonder who Margaret was? Sweetheart or sister, no doubt. It will be sad news for her."

Then he crossed to the dressing room and roused the nurse, whose watch he had relieved.

That done, he went downstairs. The billiard players had dropped their cues; the gay chatter ceased as the doctor entered.

Death was in the house, and his solemn presence cast a gloom over the holiday makers. They gathered into little knots and talked in whispers.

Soon they went off to bed, by twos and threes, till the rooms were deserted, and the tired waiters came to turn off the gas and blow out the candles.

And the women trembled as they neared No. 17.

Through the chink of the door they saw the light dimly burning, and heard the nurse as she went about her grim task.

In there he lay dead—the handsome, sad-faced Englishman, whose settled melancholy, restless movement from place to place, and aversion to all society had earned him the name of "Mad Sir Percival."

Two days afterwards, Dr. North left the pleasant little French watering place and crossed the Channel.

He thought rather sadly, of the dead baronet. His coffin was on board; his last resting place would be the churchyard of St. Winifred's, Hants.

"Queer things the poor chap said in his delirium!" soliquised the doctor as he stood on deck and felt the fresh Channel breeze blow across his cheek.

"Something hidden in the church porch! Strange fancy; nothing in it, of course. And yet," he went on, musingly, "there might have been something. It would be worth running down to investigate. A treasure! That means money, or its equivalent, of course. Enough, perhaps, to enable me to refurnish the house, put a nest egg by, and speak to Gracie. Pooh! How I run on! Of course, it was all the distorted fancy of a delirious brain."

He thought no more of the matter then. But a few days after, as he went to breakfast in his gloomy town dining-room, the treasure was brought to his recollection again. A paragraph in the paper did it.

It was an account of the pedigree, life, and death of Sir Percival Dann.

After saying that the deceased was the last representative of one of the oldest families in the kingdom; that, on the death of his father, Sir Gilbert, he had inherited Dann Hall, one of the show places in Hampshire, and had persistently absented himself from it; the writer went on to give an account of the deceased's disposition of his property:

"The estate is entailed and goes to a distant relative, but all the personalty, which is considerable, has been left to a well-known hospital, subject to a singular condition. That is, that the coffin be allowed to remain for one night unwatched in the porch of St. Winifred's. This, we believe, will be done, and the remains of Sir Percival will be left in the porch to-night, the obsequies taking place to morrow."

Dr. North dropped the paper and struck his knee emphatically.

"By Jove! Then there was some method in his madness, after all. It is worth trying, at least. What did he say? Sixth stone on the—there, I cannot remember exactly; but it was marked with an arrow. I'm sure of that."

"Wilson will look after things for a day. I shall go to Hampshire to-morrow."

When he reached the little village churchyard, the funeral was just over. The long line of empty carriages sent by the neighboring gentry were driving briskly off; the mourning coaches, with their grim, funeral trappings, were following suit.

The clergyman hurried into the vestry to take off his surplice. The churchyard was entirely empty; the last of the Danns lay alone.

Dr. North went round to the porch. His heart leapt as he caught sight of the stone marked with an arrow. The affair was becoming exciting.

He sat down on the narrow seat and speculated vaguely on the nature of the treasure.

His hand stole to his pocket wistfully and fingered the chisel it held. He longed to begin work at once, but prudence forbade.

The doctor was not a mercenary man—not even a very ambitious one; but he was needy, and he was in love. Therefore the idea of hidden wealth was very fascinating.

So far it had not occurred to him that it would be his duty, in all probability, to deliver whatever he found to the next of kin.

He left the churchyard, and went to the inn to get some dinner. He had decided to take out the stone at night; fortunately the rustics were early to roost.

The village would be deserted before ten. That would leave plenty of time for him to do what he wanted, and yet catch the 10.45 train to town.

He loitered about the sleepy little place till dark: till the lights in the windows began to disappear; till the last song had been sung at the inn; the last convivial laborer had tramped along the road towards his cottage. Then he turned his face towards the churchyard.

It was not a moonlight night—as it usually is when people visit churchyards—it was pitchy dark; and the doctor stumbled along miserably enough.

All he could see was the dim outline of the church, and the tall, pure-white marble monument which marked the Dann vault. At last he reached the porch, lighted his tiny lantern, and placed his chisel and lump of mortar on the seat.

Everything was very still—still as the dead who lay thick around him. Now and then the wind swayed the branches of the old elms, and they rocked themselves mournfully.

But the man in the porch worked steadily on. He was bringing to light the hidden treasure, which Sir Percival's dead body had guarded all through the long night before.

The swaying trees, and strange night sounds which he heard in the church against whose oaken door he stood, failed to dismay Dr. North.

He was neither nervous nor imaginative, but had he been naturally both, these perceptions would have become blunted in the exercise of his profession.

He had stood by too many death-beds, was too well acquainted with the details of a dissecting room, to let churchyard fears and ghostly superstitions make his hand tremble.

He worked coolly on till the stone was removed. Then he thrust his hand into the aperture. A square and rather thick paper package lay there.

He took it out and saw that it was sealed. He laid it on the seat and prepared to replace the stone, and remove, as far as possible, all trace of his work.

This done, he held the package down near to the light of the lantern. His eager fingers felt something hard inside; he fumbled clumsily for the heavy seals. He broke one.

In another instant he would have learnt the nature of the treasure; but, the wind rising in a sudden blast, blew out his light, and left him in total darkness.

At that moment a sound broke the perfect stillness.

Boom! Boom! The clock was striking ten: ten long, solemn strokes, while North stood in total darkness at the entrance of the porch.

Even he gave a little shiver.

"Ugh! This is a ghastly business; reminds me of the old professional body-snatching tales. Wilson is good at yarns of that kind. But ten o'clock! And I have a five-mile walk before me."

He placed the package carefully in his pocket, buttoned his coat over it, and started off as briskly as he could.

Once clear of the churchyard, once on the high road, he got well on his way. The sleeping Hampshire village was soon miles behind.

He was being hurried through the darkness towards London. In the train no opportunity occurred of opening the mysterious package.

It was the eve of the Easter holidays, and the carriages were full. So he was compelled to feed his curiosity on imagination.

It was nearly three o'clock when he at last stood in W— Street, and, putting his key in the door, entered his house, and stole noiselessly up the darkened staircase.

The gas was burning low in the study. He turned it up, coaxed the dying remnant of fire into a semblance of life, and opened the package.

His hands were clammy with excitement. His usually cool head was a little fevered by the events of the day: by the lonely visit to the churchyard: by the long journey home.

He looked up at the photograph of a girl, which stood on a bracket near: a pretty girl, in a dainty gown.

Her dark eyes seemed to flash out from the cardboard.

They seemed to say:

"Open it! open it quickly! It may mean so much for us—a speedy wedding, a deliverance from long, dreary years of waiting."

So, with his mind full of thoughts of warm youth and love and life, the doctor opened the package which a hand now dead had sealed.

There was no sound in the street but the regular tread of the policeman on duty and the rattle of an occasional late, or early, vehicle; there was none in the room but the doctor's anxious breathing and the crackle of the paper as he spread the sheets on the table.

What was the treasure? Five or six closely-written sheets of manuscript, and a tiny, tightly-fastened leather case. The latter he failed to open.

"Umph!" he muttered, as he tossed it impatiently aside and turned up the lamp. "I will read what he has to say first."

And this is what he read.

"In the porch of St. Winifred's I shall hide this narrative, and with it the one relic I have of Margaret—Margaret who lies so near me in her newly-made grave.

"To-morrow I leave England, never to return; never to look again upon the old home scenes; never to re-enter this house till they carry me across the threshold—dead.

"Margaret and I loved each other. Though she was only a lovely peasant girl, while I was the heir to a rich estate, I had vowed that she should be my wife.

"At last my father discovered our secret. He was a proud man—proud of his eminent lineage, of his gentle blood, of the stately English home which he had inherited, which I in my turn, should own.

"He commanded me to give Margaret up. I refused, and persisted in the refusal.

"At last, in despair, he suggested an artful compromise. It was the old trick of testing true love by absence. I was to travel for two years, to see or hear nothing of Margaret, to hold no communication with those at home. If at the end of that time I was still constant, Margaret was to be educated and fitted for her place as my wife.

The terms were hard, but I consented. I repeated the old threadbare words that love like ours laughed at years; that absence would only make it stronger.

"And then I bade her 'farewell.'

"We sat in the church porch, hand in hand, with hearts too full for words. We looked into each other's eyes and thought of the months and years of waiting which lay before us.

"The mist rolled round the hills and enfolded us. The gentle summer rain dropped softly on the graves outside as we kissed for the last time. Then I started on my travels. I visited all the courts of Europe: my wealth, my name, made me welcome. I saw lovely women—women in rich robes and jewels, while Margaret's beauty had been clothed in homespun. But nothing shook me. I was true to my peasant girl.

"The two years passed away at last; my time of probation was over. I hurried to the peaceful village which held my love. How my heart beat as we drove along the familiar roads!

"I repeated her dear name; I asked myself, tremblingly, 'Had she, too, stood the test?' And then I pictured the lovely, tear-stained face and faithful eyes, as I saw them in the church porch, and could not doubt her.

"My father greeted me warmly. He grasped my hand and drew me into the oak-panelled hall, where the logs roared and crackled on the hearth, and the walls were decked with holly.

It was Christmas Eve, and the hall was filled with visitors to celebrate the season and my home-coming.

"I led my father aside from the gay group round the fire and asked for Margaret.

"He clapped me on the shoulder.

"'What! not got over your calf-love yet? Your sweetheart has not been so constant. Six months ago she married Robert Drew.'

"Robert Drew!—deformed and hideous; clownish English laborer; on whose bent form and distorted face no woman could look with liking; and my Margaret was his wife!

"I hardly noticed my father's next words.

"'I furnished their cottage—you know, Drew's cottage, near Burton's farm. Remembering your fancy for her pretty face, I did what I could for the bride. And, I hear she makes Robert a good little wife.'

"By what arts, by what lies, they took her from me, I shall never know. That she was false, that she chose to mate so horribly, I shall never believe.

"I left my father's house and went through the park into the high road. Instinctively I turned towards Drew's cottage. As I neared it I saw a light in the window. I saw the firelight play across the ceiling, for the curtain was not yet drawn.

"I crept to the window, and pressed my face close to the frost-covered glass. It was a humble cottage, and the room into which I looked was typical of the ordinary laborer's home. What a setting for a pearl like Margaret!

"She sat on a low stool, crouching by the fire; her fair head bent down and resting on her hands. How changed she was! Her coarse gown hung loosely on her once daintily-rounded figure. Her bare arms were sharp and skinny. And when she raised her face, I started at the sight of those pale, pinched features: those dull mournful blue eyes. Could I see her thus and believe her false?

"I raised my hand to tap at the window, but stopped suddenly and crouched behind a laurel bush. Drew came whistling up the garden path and raised the latch of the door.

"I saw her shrink as he entered, as he bent to kiss her. And then I rushed away. I could bear no more. I went to London, and for three months plunged into every excitement which the capital could offer. But Margaret followed me through it all. Margaret with wet cheeks, as I kissed her

'good-bye' in the church porch; Margaret with wild blue eyes, as she crouched beside her cottage fire.

"Her face blotted out the play as I sat at the theatre; her soft voice whispered in my ear when I listened to great singers in the concert room.

"At the end of three months I returned to Hampshire. I had no settled plan; my one idea was to see, to speak to, Margaret. To hear from her true lips the tale of treachery which had parted us; to take her away from her clownish husband and sordid surroundings. I argued fiercely that she was mine—mine alone.

"I went along the village street. The snow had long melted away. It was young spring. The leaves were bursting out. The birds were building in the old elms. And my heart whispered, 'Hope!' All Nature was so fair.

"A long shadow cast across the sunshine of the street—a humble funeral approaching. And the bell from the church tolled out dismally.

I stood still to let the funeral procession pass me; then leant, faint and horror stricken, against a cottage gate, as I saw the face of the chief mourner—the disfigured face of Robert Drew. They were carrying Margaret to her grave."

* * * * * * * *

The doctor dropped the MS., and stared thoughtfully at the bright face of the girl on the bracket.

Was this the treasure which was to help him win Grace! This tale of two spoiled lives! Then he remembered the little case, and forced it open.

A long flaxen curl fell out and twined itself around his wrist.

With a faint shudder the doctor removed the dead tress. Then he reverently returned it to its case.

This was all. Sir Percival's treasure was "only a woman's hair!"

ABOUT BULL FIGHTS.

A CASUAL VISITOR in the beautiful capital of Madrid, at a time when perhaps there is more animation and excitement than at any other season of the year—the First Day of the Bull-fights—cannot altogether withdraw himself from the great whirlpool of which the "Plaza de Toros," or Bull ring, is the centre.

There are rules as strict, and laws as firm in doing battle with "El Toro" as those which regulate our gentler sports; and infractions of them meet equal punishment of abuse or ridicule.

The cruelty to the wretched screws of horses no one would thank it possible to even attempt to defend; and in this the curious argument of many Spaniards of the better and even educated classes, has filled me with absolute amazement; not only from its infinite weakness, but as much from the frequency and coolness with which it is advanced.

"The horses are old, valueless, fit for nothing else, and at any rate they must die soon;" this has been said to me not once, or twice, but over and over again; and, indeed, I might say almost invariably.

Not the least surprising part of the matter is that the argument is brought forward in all good faith, and that it is deemed conclusive.

Madrid, always animated, is, as the day approaches, absolutely in a state of fever. Little else is talked of but "Los Toros." "Have you got your ticket?" "What did you have to pay?" (for except in the case of subscriptions for a series, every seat is in the hands of speculators). "What place have you?" are questions heard on every side.

The seats at their normal price are not expensive; the highest being eleven pesetas, or about two dollars.

The Puetar del Sol, which may be called the very heart of Madrid—a grand open, oval space into which the busy traffic of nine streets converges, and which is always full of life—is on this day worth a journey to see for itself alone.

The Plaza de Toros, situated about a mile from the Puerta del Sol, is the largest and finest in Spain.

All seats being filled—and they generally are—it gives accommodation to fourteen thousand people.

A vast circle of firm, smooth ground, covered with a slight layer of sand, and surrounded by tier upon tier of seats.

First are the barriers, a stout fencing of wood, some six feet in height, having on their inner, or bull-ring side, a slight wooden ledge, which serves as a step to the Toreros in vaulting the barrier, to escape the rush of the bull.

In most of the bull-rings in Spain the barriers are divided into sections about every thirty paces, giving an opening of some four feet, and ingress to the alley behind.

Each opening is protected by an outer barrier of the same height, and leaving space between it and the main barrier through which a man may squeeze, but which is too narrow to admit the bull. The barriers protect a narrow passage, or alley, by which the bull-fighters and servants can circulate the whole of the ring.

Sometimes the bull will leap the fencing; and then it is each for himself until he is driven forth.

The seats then rise tier upon tier—some thirty rows all told, the first three or four being reserved and numbered; then ten rows unnumbered.

All of these are of stone, and uncovered. Behind these are the covered "boxes." At one point a specially large one, with glass sides, is reserved for Royalty, and at its side is that of the President and his friends.

Exactly opposite, on the other side of the ring, and facing him, is the stand in which a regimental or municipal band discourses sweet music.

Under this platform is the door through which El Toro is driven to meet his death.

For some hours before this, he is kept alone in a stall of almost complete darkness, with the result that on quitting the obscurity and silence of his cell for the glaring light and the roar of the voices of the arena, his fury is at its highest.

Picture what such fury must be! Brought only the day before from the open pastures he is suddenly immured in a cage so narrow that he cannot turn—can scarcely move.

At the moment he is to be sent forth to his doom, he is further maddened by the yells and shouts of his keepers, and a small spike, of perhaps two inches in length, adored with two long streamers of colored ribbon, is buried in his shoulder.

And then the doors are opened, and he is hurried to the open yet confined bull-ring. Imagine the intensified fury of an animal naturally fierce, under such goading as this and you will wonder if it be possible that such ferocity and strength can be subjected by no stouter weapon than a slender sword.

Leading from the cells are passages connected with the different offices; the stables of the poor wretched screws of horses; the spacious courtyard in which the Toreros and their friends meet before the fight and talk.

A pair of high wooden gates opens on to the road, by which the Toreros enter.

The bull-fighters are divided into four classes, the chief being the Matador or Espada, whose part in the taurian games it is to deliver the death stroke.

He is armed with a straight, finely-pointed sword of ordinary rapier length, and a small red cloak.

It is his duty to kill the bull by a thrust given in an exact spot between the shoulders and reaching the heart, and his part is the most difficult to play, requiring, as it does, courage, coolness, dexterity, and marvellous quickness of eye and judgement.

Following the Espada, in importance, are the two Banderilleros.

They are solely provided with two thin wands, or sticks, about two feet in length and profusely decorated with ribbons, having at one end a sharp barbed point of steel, and these must be placed firmly in the shoulders of the bull as he charges past them.

To me, this appears the most difficult and dangerous play of all, for they have no defending cape.

Next to taem are the Picadores—generally two, and always two or three in reserve. These are mounted on the sorry steeds, which, blindfolded, and with their ears firmly plugged with tow, and utterly defenceless, are, nine times out of ten, doomed to a cruel, lingering death.

Their riders, protected by ponderous padding, the right leg sheathed in iron, and with a broad-brimmed "Rancho" hat, also specially strengthened to protect the wearers in their falls, are armed with a long and heavy lance, whose point is a sharp blade of steel some two inches in length.

They act with the "Chulos," who rank next in order, and may be considered pupils in the preparatory schools of their master, the great Espada.

The Chulos carry simply a cloak, and perhaps their part is the prettiest of all.

Attracting the bull by waving their cloaks, he rushes wildly at them, and their wonderful dexterity and agility in avoiding his onset are exciting and interesting to a degree.

Nor does it rouse one's feelings of sympathy so much with "El Toro," for let me say here that "El Toro" is no joke.

Bulls for fighting are specially bred, and carefully selected; and, as certain racing stables are famous for the horses they produce, so particular herds are celebrated for their dauntless bulls.

The cost of one of these corridas may be safely reckoned at not less than eight thousand dollars. There are generally six bulls killed.

Horses are contracted for, and are bought at simply "knacker" prices; sometimes as many as twenty five are done to death. There are generally three Espadas, with their cuadrillas.

Then there is a very large number of assistants and attendants; a very heavy rent is paid for the Plaza; and the Government tax, or "contribucion," is also a considerable item.

The "gate" may be estimated, given a "full house"—and it is almost fairly filled—at some ten thousand dollars.

Let us now suppose that we are seated in our places, well in "La Sombra"—for, even in April, the sun is powerfully hot—the President and his party are filling their box.

And now begins the prettiest part of all the brilliant show: the Procession of the Bull-fighters.

The President—a member of the Ayuntamiento, or municipal body—has taken his seat, and with his handkerchief has given the signal.

The trumpets sound, and the doors opposite to him and at the side of those behind which El Toro is imprisoned, are thrown open, and headed by two mounted alguazils, attired in cavalier dress of dark-blue velvet and plumed sombrero, the cuadrillas, or procession of bull-fighters appears.

On this occasion three of perhaps the most famous Espadas of all Spain are engaged.

Behind their respective chiefs follow, in their due order, the Banderilleros and the Chulos, equally splendidly attired, and to them succeed the mounted Picadores; and behind them come the attendants of the ring and gaily-harnessed mules, whose work it is to drag off at the gallop the carcasses of the bulls and horses.

The leading horsemen, as they reach the President, doff their plumed sombreros, salute, and wheel aside, left and right; and, as the rest of the procession approaches, the men salute; and then each hurries to the barrier to throw aside his velvet cloak of state, and change it for the less gorgeous one of war—generally crimson lined with yellow.

And now the mounted alguazil rides up again to the President, who throws to one of them the key of the prison of El Toro. He catches it in his hat, gallops across the ring, and delivers it to the officer in charge.

The barriers are all closed; the toreros stand cloak in hand; the trumpets sound; the doors of the cage are thrown open; there is a moment's hush of eager expectancy, and then, amid a perfect roar of excitement from the thousands around him, El Toro dashes into the ring. With head thrown up, and snorting with rage, he looks around, and dashes at full speed across the ring to where the nearest "Caulo" stands.

Holding his cape doubled in his right hand, he waits the moment of the rush, and, when escape would seem impossible to the unpractised eye, as the bull lowers his head to attack he springs lightly across, and, throwing his cloak right in the face of the infuriated creature, leaves El Toro to toss it in the air and gallop on.

The Picadores ride up from time to time and offer battle; and it is here that much of the bull's courage and breeding is estimated.

The Picador, half facing the bull, and holding his lance at the charge, awaits the rush; and Toro, after angrily pawing the ground, and his tail waving with fury, pauses, and then, with all his fearful power, dashes on. Horse and rider are literally lifted in the air and hurled with terrific force to the ground; and it is seldom that the horse escapes a frightful gash from the sharp and deadly horn which has impaled him. The Caulos hurry up, and with their cloaks draw the bull away from his prostrate foe, or it would be certain and violent death to both horse and rider.

The attendants lift the Picador to his feet; and it is almost incredible that from such a headlong fall and fearful shock a man can recover himself sufficiently to remount; yet it is seldom a Picador is injured. If the horse can but just stand he is beaten to his feet; and the Picador remounting and again taking his lance, hurries as fast as his wretched horse can be spurred and hammered to attack again.

Scientific and Useful.

A GOOD IMITATION OF IVORY.—According to Stummer's Ingenieur, a very good imitation of ivory may be obtained by dissolving two parts of caoutchouc in thirty-six parts of chloroform, saturating the solution with pure ammonia gas, and then distilling off the chloroform at a temperature of 85 degrees C. The residue is then mixed with phosphate of lime or zinc-white, pressed to the required form, and dried. If phosphate of lime is added, the product has exactly the properties and appearance of natural ivory, and it may be expected to find extensive application.

MACHINE FOR MAKING WOOD WOOL.—A machine for making "wood wool" is being used in England. The use of wood wool is coming rapidly into favor among manufacturers of glass cutlery, confectionery, etc., for packing purposes on account of its cleanliness and non-hygroscopic properties, but its adoption is hindered, among other things, by its comparatively high price. The new machine is intended to reduce the price, for it is of such a size and design that every manufacturer can have one working on his premises and can thus turn out his own wood wool. Very little attention is required by the machine, and all the parts are easily renewable. Timber of any convenient length can be cut, and waste pieces can also be utilized.

FUTURE OF GLASS IN MECHANICS.—In a recent attempt to determine the place that will ultimately be occupied by vitreous substances in mechanics, it is stated that a French chemist, has, during the past few years, conducted a series of experiments which have resulted in a method of rendering glass sufficiently tough enough for use in molding many articles hitherto made of iron. It is premised that the huge, sub-Atlantic, pneumatic tube, for the connection of the old with the new world, the suggestion of which was received with indifference and incredulity some time ago, may eventually turn out to be not so chimerical as at first glance it was judged to be. A glass car fitted into a tube of the same material would spin away at an incredibly fast rate. No appreciable heat would be generated, and the great hardness and smoothness of the material would greatly lessen the retarding influence of friction, which will be one of the most important considerations in all systems of future rapid transit.

Farm and Garden.

FRUIT.—Nine cases out of ten, where a variety of fruit which once flourished in a given soil has ceased to flourish and perfect fine fruit there, the change is due to the fact that the soil has become destitude of the necessary mineral manure.

IN CONDITION.—Hens, like horses and men, do not need such things as condition powders, and only seldom are tonics required. The true tonics for poultry, and the only conditioning, are strict cleanliness, good, clean, nutritious food, and pure water, with sunlight and sufficient room to exercise in.

THE HOG.—It is not thought to make much difference whether a hog's skin is clean or not, judging from general custom in feeding. But this is contrary to fact, for it has been amply demonstrated that an animal with a clean skin does not consume as much as one not kept clean, and gives a better return for the food eaten.

DITCHES.—An open ditch across a field is a nuisance. It compels the wagons to go a greater distance, causes injury to stock, obstructs plowing and soon fills up. Ditches should be covered in some manner if possible, but where the expense is too great they should be filled and drain tile substituted.

EGGS AND COLD.—Unless eggs are frequently collected on very cold days they will freeze and crack open. They should be frequently collected not only to avoid loss, but also to prevent the hens from learning the vice of egg eating, as the cracked eggs will be a temptation before them which they will not resist.

WOOD AND NUTS.—Chestnuts, walnuts, almonds, butternuts and pecans can be grown and will give a good variety, and on many places on the farm they can be planted and grown to advantage as easily as other varieties of trees that bear such fruits as nuts of a marketable value, while the wood of the nut trees are of equal value.

THE amount of food, liquid and solid, which the average man consumes in his 70 years, is calculated at no less than 30 tons.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 12, 1890.

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Notice.

Our readers are directed to the premium offer of Dickens' or Waverly Novels on another page.

A PREMIUM TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THE POST will send as a premium to every person who sends us $2 00 for one year's subscription in advance, either the magnificent picture of "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE," which we have described in former issues, or the two splendid companion photo-gravures "IN LOVE" and "THE PEACEMAKER." They are printed on heavy-toned paper, and are in size 12 x 16 inches each. The subject of the first named "In Love" represents a young couple dressed in the fashion of our grandfathers and grandmothers, sitting under a tree in the garden of an old-time mansion. The maiden is sewing and the lover after the style of the period, is paying her most courteous attention. Everything in the work is full of life and beauty. In the second picture, "The Peacemaker," the couple have plainly had a quarrel. Both pretend to want to part, and at the same time both are evidently glad of the kind offices of a young lady friend who has just come upon the scene, and wishes to have them "make it up." Each picture tells its own story completely, and each is the sequel and complement of the other. Prettier works of art or neater pictures for the ornamentation of a parlor or sitting-room, never came from the hands of an artist.

Remember we send either "Christ Before Pilate," or the *Two* Splendid Companion Photo-gravures "In Love" and "The Peacemaker," all postage paid to each subscriber who sends us $2.00 for THE POST one year.

The Wouldbes.

Who and what are the Wouldbes? it will be asked. Are they a species of insect, cousins, for example, to the bumble bees; or a cross between a drone and a laborious wasp?

Nothing of the kind. The Wouldbes are of the human race, and of those extremely civilized members of it who are so much in the thrall of discontent, and so convinced of their own worth—potential, if not apparent—that they are for ever sighing to be other than they are.

"If I were only like so and so, what could I not do! People should then see what I am good for!"

This, then, is the characteristic of the Wouldbes; the phrase "I wish," or "If only I were," is ever in their mouth.

The Wouldbes are not, as a rule, very industrious persons. That is the best that can be said of them. Yet perhaps their very merit in this matter is, at bottom, more of a vice than a virtue, for they would not be Wouldbes if they were not consistent in lethargy rather than in action, aspirants rather than strivers.

The wicked man is generally a man of energy. His energy is perverted, of course; yet, in so far as it is energy pure and simple, it is laudable in him. He has a virtue which the Wouldbes lack.

You will find the Wouldbes in every walk of life, and among either sex in every period of life. It is not an immutable state of mind; yet there is a grievous fascination in the culture of it which makes it very hard for the adult Wouldbe to throw off the habit and put his hand in earnest to the plough which shall furrow the great plain of his desires.

Among children, the Wouldbes, as opposed to those who are not Wouldbes, are as ten to one. It is right and normal in a child to be a Wouldbe.

He wishes he were a man like his father; a soldier like his uncle; as much beloved as his white haired, benevolent old grandfather; as rich as that consummate spendthrift, his mother's first cousin.

If the child has done with wishing, the odds are that it has finished its career of growth. It may, indeed, become a foot or two taller, or even compress a few more so called attainments into its brain; but the latter, in its case, are likely to be merely so much intellectual lumber—anything rather than a blessing.

The Wouldbes are to be found of all ages. In comment upon this it is curious to mark that, except in individuals who have given their evil dispositions full exercise, the Wouldbe grown old is often a very charming fellow.

It is in the middle of the course that he is liable to fall into temptation. Afterwards he bows his head and looks with more charitable eyes upon a world in which he has not played the part he ought to have played. And so, having cried peccavi, the old, innocent enthusiasm of his childhood recurs to him.

He is, perhaps, more of a Wouldbe than ever he was; but his wishes do not now centre in himself. He takes his nephews or his grandchildren by the hand and encourages their ardor by wishing for them instead of himself.

"If only I had my life again before me, my dear boy," he will say to one of them, "as you have yours, this is what I should like to do." And then he builds Spanish castles mountain high, as heedless of foundation stones as if he were still a child.

Indeed, it may be said that, of two men, the one an old Wouldbe who has failed, and the other a successful citizen of the world, the former is likely to be more useful as a stimulant to the young than the latter, and is much more likely to endear himself to them.

The Wouldbe may be anything rather than brilliant, except in his aspirations. He may even be what the citizen of the world calls him—an ass of the first water.

All the same, he will win hearts. Time, which has put the snow upon his head, has not abated the sprightliness of his fancy in the line that is peculiarly his.

One moment, with a sigh of regret, he will hold himself up to his juniors as a warning; but the next, his eye will brighten again under the influence of a flash of newly-begotten expectation or desire, and the old "I wish," will be heard on his tongue.

It is a pity that the average Wouldbe cannot, at the age of fifteen, go off into a deep sleep of fifty years or so. Then, at the awakening, he would realize that it were vain to expect the fruition of his various impetuous desires; he would, perforce, be contented; and he would have none of those remorseful pangs which even the best-controlled Wouldbe cannot escape, when circumstances force him to look down the vista of the years from old age towards youth.

TEACH a man to pursue some honorable employment, and a thousand temptations depart; give him pure and wholesome recreations, and pernicious ones will lose their flavor; infuse into his heart the love of home, of family, of friends, and he will no longer love the vices which separate him from them; give him positive and earnest convictions, and false ideas and illusions will drop away; in a word, let him "learn to do well," and he will, without persuasion, "cease to do evil."

THOSE who endeavor to imitate us we like much better than those who try to equal us. Imitation is a sign of esteem, but competition of envy.

To be vain is rather a mark of humility than pride. Vain men delight in telling what honors have been done them, what great company they have kept, and the like; by which they plainly confess that these honors were more than their due and such as their friends would not believe if they had not been told; whereas a man truly proud thinks the honor below his merit, and scorns to boast.

HUMAN nature cannot bear idolatry. It enfeebles the judgment of the idolater, and it rouses the lower nature of the idolized. When love outstrips judgment and overpowers wisdom, it must needs fail to bring happiness; for happiness comes mainly by wisdom in such form as is best suited to the individual, and to love beyond reason is to love to one's own hurt.

BE cheerful; do not brood over fond hopes unrealized until a chain, link after link, is fastened on each thought and wound around the heart. Nature intended you to be the fountain spring of cheerfulness and social life, and not the traveling monument of despair and melancholy.

EXPERIENCE keeps a dear school; but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that; for it is true, we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct. However, they that will not be counselled cannot be helped, and if you will not hear reason, she will surely rap your knuckles.

No government, no administration, no laws, no amount of industry or commerce, no extent of freedom, can give prosperity and solid comfort to the homes of the people unless there be in those homes economy, temperance and the practice of virtue.

EVERY question asked by a child's mind is a reaching out towards the soul of things, and every question rightly answered and every law understood stimulates the growth of the child's mind toward the world that lies around it.

WE must never throw away a bushel of truth because it happens to contain a few grains of chaff; on the contrary, we may sometimes profitably receive a bushel of chaff for the few grains of truth it may contain.

HOWEVER good you may be, you have faults; however dull you may be, you can find out what some of them are; and, however slight they may be, you had better make some patient efforts to get quit of them.

COMPLIMENTS which we think are deserved, we accept only as debts, with indifference; but those which conscience informs us we do not merit, we receive with the same gratitude that we do favors given away.

ANGER is the most impotent passion that accompanies the mind of man; it effects nothing it goes about; and hurts the man who is possessed by it more than any others against whom it is directed.

NATURE loves truth so well that it hardly ever admits of flourishing. Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve.

ONLY the few favored by fortune can scale the rock of fame; but there is plenty of other work to be done by the multitude as good and true in its own way, if not so enduring.

No possessions are good, but by the good use we make of them, without which wealth, power, friends and servants do but help to make our lives more unhappy.

AFFECTATION in any part of our carriage is lighting up a candle to our defects, and never fails to make us taken notice of, either as wanting sense or sincerity.

THE chief ingredients in the composition of those qualities that gain esteem and praise are good nature, truth, good sense and good breeding.

HAPPINESS is to the heart what sunlight is to the body, and he who shuts out either is an enemy to society.

The World's Happenings.

Bismarck will be 75 years old on the 1st of April.

Metal ties for railroads are proving very satisfactory.

In a cemetery near Detroit are the graves of three husbands of the same woman—all in a row.

An Americus, Ga., man won a wager by eating nine hard-boiled eggs in exactly one minute.

A Georgia contemporary declares that there are only six editors in the whole State who can't set type.

The high water around Marysville, Cal., has driven in town hundreds of jack-rabbits, which are killed in the streets.

A lawyer in New York dislocated his jaw while yawning, and had to be taken to the hospital to have it replaced.

An immense flume, 4½ miles long, is to be built at Spokane. The pipe is to be made of steel, and will be 22 inches in diameter.

On an average 110 000 people pass over the Brooklyn bridge every day on the cars and 10,000 on foot; 3000 vehicles pass over every day.

Oliver Lane, of Exeter, Mass., has carried a silver dollar in his pocket since February 6, 1855. The coin has been worn perfectly smooth.

The advent of triplets in a North Dakota family the other day absorbed the appellations of Faith, Hope and Charity as the nomenclature.

All the tramps in the Battle Creek, Mich., lock-up were offered $2 a day to go out to Goguac Lake and cut ice, but every one of them declined.

In Utica, N. Y., tradesmen of all sorts not only sell their delinquent accounts at a public sale, but advertise them at full length in the papers.

Maryland's new cigarette law requires the seller to pay an extra tax of $50, and to make affidavit that the cigarettes he sells contain no injurious drug.

It is proposed to reduce cows' milk to a dry powder, as being better for transportation and superior to condensed milk. The idea originated in Switzerland.

The daily rations of a pair of ostriches on a farm in San Diego Co., Cal., are forty pounds of beets for breakfast and a half a peck to a peck of grain for dinner.

A cat in Millville, N. J., finds pleasure in swimming, and often catches fish in shallow water with its paws. "It has been known to swim in pursuit of a dock rat clear across the river."

According to a California paper the Chinese at San Jose, Cal., lease property from white men for 12 months in the year and charge their tenants for 13 months, there being this many months in the Chinese year.

A jeweler at Rocklark, Wash., lately presented a clock to the public school. This was followed by a more expensive one from a rival jeweler, and by the time the enthusiasm had subsided every room in the school had a clock.

In order to show how broadening and highly instructive is a common school education of the present day, we append an extract from a Cape Cod prize composition on immigration, which reads as follows: "An immigrant is a pheasant in Europe who knows little or nothing about life or government."

On a recent trial in Wales to test the validity of a will it was proved that in 1869 the testator became impaired in intellect to such an extent that he went to the post office with a postage stamp on his forehead and requested to be sent to a place he mentioned.

A freak who died in Iowa recently, had the body of a two-year-old child, but a head as large as that of the ordinary man. He was 32 years old, and was never able to speak. For 30 years he was tied in a chair and fed with a spoon by his mother, whose constant fear was lest she should die before her boy and no one be left to wait on him.

A Man at Wimborne, England, 66 years old, married his 25 year old servant a week after his first wife died, and on their way from the register's office the couple were pelted with rice, flour and peas by a mob of several hundred persons, who at last became so turbulent that the bride had to flee to the house of a relative while the police took care of the old man.

The singular spectacle of a man walking along the street eating greenbacks was presented in Duluth Minn., the other afternoon. He had swallowed $16 in fives, twos, and ones, when he was caught by the police and taken to the station house. A search revealed $607 between his inside shirt and skin. He suffers from hallucination that people are trying to steal his money.

The disgust of a young man a western paper tells about can easily be imagined. He rushed into a railroad station to find he was three minutes late for the last train of the day, and then dashed off the following telegraphic message to Miss——, in a town sixty miles away: "Have just missed train. Must postpone ceremony until to-morrow. Would walk there if I could. Try to be calm."

A sharp swindler made a collection of dimes in Flint, Mich., the other day. He procured a bundle of old illustrated papers out of somebody's rag bag, and at the dinner hour, when some of the proprietors or clerks were sure to be absent from each store, he made the round of the business houses. Dashing into a place he would slap down a paper, yell "Here's your magazine! ten cents, please," and those addressed, thinking some absentee had ordered the paper, almost invariably paid the scamp.

Leonard Stevens, 13 years old, of Whipple Hollow, Vt., lost his life Tuesday in a singular manner. He and a companion had been swinging in the barn on a rope, and to give variety to their amusement a large loop was tied in the rope to shorten it, so that they could take hold with their hands and swing out over a hay mow, and on letting go of the rope drop on the hay. This loop, which was large enough for the boy's body to pass through easily, passed over the lad's head, and when he let go with his hands it caught him around the neck and hanged him. His companion gave the alarm, but when assistance arrived the boy was dead.

MEMORY.

BY ST GERMAIN.

What is Ambition? Not the end of Life;
There's something yet more precious and more rare,
Which makes old letters dear beyond all price,
And a dead flower than richest gem more dear.

The lone dead violet she gazed upon,
The faded ink her loving fingers traced;—
Dead is my darling, and my heart is lone,
But ne'er shall be her memory effaced.

Be mine the useless letter and the flower,—
The memory of a day that cannot die,—
The treasured thought of one full, perfect hour,
And let the rest, ay, all the rest, go by!

My Terrible Night.

BY E. A. HENTON.

"AU REVOIR, old fellow! Then we shall meet about a fortnight hence," says Kit Warner, giving my hand a hearty grip—and I hasten down the companion.

"Goodbye, Sir Jocelyn! don't forget to come and see us in London," adds his sister, as she stands on the deck of the P. and O. steamer which is just about to leave the harbor of Valetta en route for England.

"That is not at all likely;" I reply smiling, as I glance up from the boat at the beautiful face of the Australian girl gazing down at me, as she leans over the taffrail with her hands still full of of the large bunch of scarlet hibisus and blue moon flowers that we have brought from the shore, and I mentally register a vow not to lose no time in paying a visit to the "Alexandra" (where I know the Warners are to stay for the season) as soon as I arrive in town.

With a farewell flourish of my hat and a last wave of the hand, I take my seat, and, hastening out of the way of the great screw, that is churning the water into foam, am quickly rowed ashore by my two Maltese brethren.

It is Sunday evening, and the sound of the distant church bells is softly melodious as it comes wafted over the water. As I land on the Pieta and toil up the numerous steps leading to the Strada Reale, I pause for a moment to watch the huge steamer vanishing away in the dim twilight, and a feeling of regret comes over me, as I think that the pleasant voyage is past, and that the jolly days ashore with the Warners at the coaling ports are at an end.

No more nights on the quarter-deck under those silent watchers the stars; no more sweet frivolous conversations, with a fair face beside me, and great eyes purple as the darkest petal of a heartsease, or perchance a glorious translucent blue, looking mischievously at me from under the shadiest of panama hats, in the gleaming sunlight of the Tropics, or gazing thoughtfully over the moonlit waters of the Red Sea.

It is just a year since I retired from the army—at that time being stationed in India—and started on a trip to China and Japan, and then going on to visit the Antipodes before returning to settle down in England.

Curious cities have I visited and strange scenes have I witnessed during the past twelve months, enjoying myself in my own way, living the life of a veritable Wandering Jew, Globe Trotter—what you will! I have walked the streets of the Celestial cities; eaten kitten pie in Yokohama one night, with a revolting equanimity that I shudder to think of now; a few days later, dining in state with the genial governor of Hong Kong, in company with no less than four distinguished admirals; I have spent three months in Sydney, picnicked in the beautiful harbor, and visited the Blue Mountains; I have fraternalised with Australian cousins in the gay capital of Victoria, witnessed the wonderful Melbourne Cup race, and gazed with astonishment at the triumphs of Worth and his confreres worn by the ladies on the Flemington lawn.

I have visited the beautiful Gippsland Lakes, spent a week with the Governor of Mount Macedon, enjoyed a week's kangaroo and emu shooting on a station in the west of Victoria, en route to join the mail steamer at Glenelg.

And now, as I stroll through the narrow streets of Malta, after all these months of travel and unrest, I begin to long for the quiet of my old English home in Sussex, and almost wish that I had gone straight on in the steamer that has carried me so comfortably for five weeks.

Perhaps my dissatisfaction is caused by thought of those betwitching blue eyes, or the remembrance of a few soft words uttered on the Baracca this morning, when leaning over the parapet, ostensibly watching the dancing waves—with Kit at a safe distance absorbed in the movements of the red-coated sentries—I had told Eveline Warner that I loved her—not that I would bind her to any engagement, deeming it unfair, before she had seen something of the world, or had, as I told her, "had her fling"—but a swift glance and whispered word had made me happy and content to wait.

All day I have been doing the honors of the little island I know so well, having been stationed here with my regiment for a short time, some years ago.

We have visited the dried monks of Civita Vecchs, walked through the gardens of Florian, paid a visit to the "sick man," where I persuaded Miss Warner to taste famous ices of Bissocis, and initiated her brother into the mysteries of a "Neobite;" we have visited the church of St, John, and looked upon the beautiful picture of Annunciation attributed to Fra Angelico, and now that my vocation of cicerone is at an end I cannot help feeling regret that the day is over.

Thus musing I continue my way, and am suddenly reminded of the object that has induced me to break my journey and stay for a week at Malta.

"Hullo! Why, it's Ferrers, by all that's wonderful. Where did you spring from?" exclaims my old adjutant, standing on the steps of the club.

"Arrived by P. and O. this morning," I say smiling, pleased to think I am not yet forgotten, for there is no mistaking the genuine look of pleasure on Varley's face.

"Well, you are a refreshing sight," he says, as together we enter the building, and I am surrounded in a very short time by a group of "our fellows," as I still call my old comrades.

"You see I heard the regiment had arrived here, so I couldn't resist stopping to see how you looked in your new quarters," I say to Cavaye, half an hour later, as I stroll back to my hotel, where he leaves me to dress preparatory to dining at mess. For one and all, they have insisted on my spending this evening with them.

On reaching the hotel, I find my valuable factotum, Carton, who has accompanied me on all my travels, waiting to receive me,

"Your room is rather far up, sir, but the hotel is so full, and as there is a lift I thought you would not mind," he says as I enter.

"All right, Barton, I dare say it will do," I answered as he leads the way to the "elevator," as I hear an American lady who has just come in describing the lift.

It is far up—tremendously so. One, two, three floors we pass in succession; here the American lady departs, and as I continue the ascent I hear her informing her companion in the usual nasal ascent, that grates through my head like a scissors grinder, "that those elevators are so stuffy, that she is sweating awful!"

"By Jove! What a woman and what a voice!" I murmur, as we still go on, and I begin to wonder how much farther I am to be carried heavenwards.

But we come to a stop at the fifth floor, and Barton respectfully informs me that we have reached our landing.

"I should think so! Why, this is the end of all things," I grumble, as I follow him down a long passage, and enter a room at the far end.

But all my ill humor vanishes as I look round the large, airy chamber, a positive luxury, after being cribbed, cabined, and confined in a compartment six foot square for the last thirty five days.

"Well, it's a consolation to have plenty of elbow room, if we are skyed!" I say to Barton, as I finish my dressing, and telling him not to wait up for me, hurry off.

What an evening we have, and as dinner progresses I can almost fancy that I am back again to the barracks at Oberokee as I regard the well-known trophies of regimental plate with quite a fatherly interest, and listen to the well-remembered voices.

Everything seems the same, save that there are no black figures gilding swiftly about, no waving punkahs, and I notice that one or two familiar faces are absent.

Far into the night we sit talking, relating anecdotes, and discussing the events of the past twelve months, till a distant clock strikes one, and startles me out of a reverie.

"By Jove! How time flies! I must be off," I say, as I bid Varley and Cavays good-night, and, arranging to meet on the morrow, take my departure.

It is a glorious night. Overhead, in the vault of heaven, those "forget-me-nots" of angels the stars keep silent watch, and the pale light of the rising moon lies in soft ripples on the sea.

"A baby wind born of the night" steals over the island, bringing great whiffs of sweet odors from the distant gardens lying asleep in the dew, and making the air heavy with the scent of syringa and orange blossoms. It is a night graven on my memory for years.

There is not a soul visible when I reach the hotel, save the drowsy looking porter, who nods me a sleepy good night as I pass. Everyone has retired, and is sleeping the sleep of the just or unjust, as the case may be.

I am too late for the lift, so am compelled to mount the long flights of stairs, and feel thoroughly tired out by the time I reach my room at the far end of the corridor. I do not spend much time undressing, and am soon comfortably settled in bed, and dozing off in a blissful state of unconsciousness, when curious sounds in the next room attract my attention, and I am aroused by a succession of mysterious noises.

There is a door between my room and the next, and it being my custom to fasten myself in before retiring in a hotel, I have tried this door some time ago, and found it locked.

Glancing in the direction of this now, I see there is a light shining through the key hole, testifying to the fact that my next-door neighbor is not one of those sleeping the sleep of the just.

There are heavy rumbling sounds as if the furniture is being dragged about, accompanied by a grumbling and muttering in a deep gutteral voice.

"Some unfortunate beggar, who has been dining, not wisely but to well!" I think sleepily, as I turn over, and console myself with the idea that it will be quiet as soon as he gets to bed. But time goes on, and the noises increase.

In vain I bury my head beneath the bedclothes, and hug the pillows close to my ears, to shut out those tormenting sounds. It is no use, and sleep being out of the question, I sit up, and gaze dismally at the bright moonlight that is creeping through the chinks of the shutters.

"Confound the fellow! What the Dickens does he mean disturbing people like this?" I exclaim, now thoroughly angry, as I listen to the sounds in the adjoining room. Thump! thump! bang! crash! I hear.

"What an utter beast the man must be!" I say savagely as I make a tour of the room in search of the matches, which are anywhere but where they ought to be. Slowly, with great deliberation, I paw round the table, and, knocking my toe against the leg of a chair, am compelled to sit down and hug my lower extremity till the pain has somewhat diminished, when I give up the search for the matches as hopeless, and sally forth to find the night porter.

But here again I am unsuccessful. He is evidently sound asleep, and though I peer over the balustrade in the centre of the corridor, drop my boots into the hall below, and make use of various other devices, my efforts to arouse him are in vain.

Now, I have not the remotest intention of climbing down those interminable stairs again—remaining awake all night would be preferable even to that, so there is nothing for it but return to my room, which I do, relieve my feelings by banging my door violently.

It evidently has a salutary effect, for the sounds cease, and all is quiet, Suddenly recollecting that my matches are on the mantel-piece, I feel my way to that end of the room (taking care of my toes this time).

"Here they are!" I say, pouching upon a small flat box, which I proceed to open, and discover that I am on the wrong tack, as a shower of tooth-powder descends on to my naked feet; but I am getting accustomed to my ill-luck by this time, so I philosophically continue my search, and after a little more fumbling return to bed triumphant with the matches.

For some minutes I remain with my candle burning, but all being quiet I extinguish the light and lie down.

I have no sooner done so than those abominable sounds begin again, and the noise is worse than ever. The racket is frightful. Pandemonium is a joke compared to it. "No human being could stand this, and I won't," I say vigorously.

I am getting desperate, without waiting to hear more I jump out of bed, and, hastening across the room, give a sharp rat-tat at the door between the apartments, at the same time intimating to my neighbor, that I shall feel much obliged if he would make less noise.

The crashing and banging cease, but the muttering continues, and as I strain my ears and listen I distinguish a few sentences, an oft-repeated one being, *"Questo e l' Inferno, ed io sto qui."*

Then all is quiet, "That's settled him," I say, smiling grimly as I return to bed, thinking what a fool I was not to try this before.

But I have had a large and varied experience of drunken people during my travels, and have generally found they are best let alone; so I avoided interfering with the nuisance next door, not caring to risk a scene. However, it is all quiet now, and, tired out, I am soon fast asleep.

Crash! Bang!! Crash!!! and I am awakened by the most awful series of concussions. It is noise enough to wake the dead—a very Bedlam let loose, and I think at least the hotel must be on fire, or an earthquake devastating the place.

"Good Heavens! What is it?" I exclaim, sitting up in bed, and hastily lighting the candle by my side, and as I do so the door is burst open, and a man falls headlong into the room.

In an instant he has regained his feet, and comes towards me, brandishing a something, which I discover on a nearer inspection to be a wooden shutter, and as I note the tall powerful figure, and regard the eyes almost starting out of their sockets, the horrible knowledge comes to me that this is no drunken man I have to deal with, but something far worse—a madman—a creature without sense or reason.

One glance round the room convinces me that I am quite at his mercy, that I have nothing to defend myself with; even my sticks and umbrella are unattainable, being securely strapped together in a distant corner.

On he comes nearer the bed. Seizing a pillow, I flung it in his face, and as he staggers back I extinguish the candle, and scrambling out of bed rush into the adjoining room, deeming it useless to wait and unlock my own door.

A scene of indescribable confusion meets my eye. No wonder I have been unable to sleep.

The furniture, broken to pieces, lies all over the room. The very bed has been dragged out of place, and the great wooden shutters wrenched off their hinges, while the floor is covered with strips of flannel and linen, all that is left of the bedclothes. Rushing to the door, I try in vain to open it, but I find to my dismay that it is locked, and the key had been removed.

Baffled, I turn hastily, and have just time to spring on one side, when the madman, who is close behind me, brings down the leg of a table (with which he has armed himself) with a mighty crash on the wall just where I was standing. And another second, and I should have had my head battered in.

Before he has time to turn I rush past, but my adversary is too quick, and I have only gone a few paces when he is after me, and seizing the tail of my night-shirt drags me back.

"Now for it!" I say to myself, imagining that the time has come for a hand-to-hand conflict, so I exert all my strength to get free and face my antagonist.

But fortune, or Heaven, favors me. To my astonishment I suddenly find myself freed, and a tearing noise tells me that my garments has parted. The release is so sudden that I stumble forward on the floor. As I scramble to my feet I see the maniac has rushed past, and stands blocking the entrance to my room.

Escape is impossible; quickly I glance round the room in search of a bell, or some means in which I can make known my predicament, and at length catch sight of a small button in the wall, near the bed. Keeping my face towards the man, not caring to risk another descent of timber on my head, I retreat backwards in the direction of the wall, and have nearly reached it when the maniac becomes aware of my intention.

With a fearful volley of imprecations he springs towards me, and I have only just time to back against the wall and seize a chair, which I raised on high to ward off the blows which descend in rapid succession. At length, finding his blows resisted, the lunatic desists for a moment, and I sneak one hand furtively behind me, and press the tiny knob at my back, still holding the chair upraised with my right arm.

For some seconds we stand gazing at each other, and I have time to note the object before me. His face has on it the most diabolical expression that it has ever been my lot to witness.

It appears to me the very personification of his Satanic Majesty. Great masses of jet black hair hang over his low frowning forehead, above the distorted features and blood shot eyes glaring fiercely at me, as a wild beast about to spring on its prey.

Still with my hand pressing that knob, I stand mentally anathematising the whole tribe of electric bells, and this one in particular.

"O for a good, sensible old-fashioned bell,

rope, with which I could ring a resounding peal!" I think. Not a sound breaks the stillness save the ticking of a watch on the floor, and the heavy breathing of the man before me.

My arm is becoming cramped and trembling, and I begin to think how much longer I can hold out, as the great beads of perspiration trickle down my face. A spark of hope flashes through my mind as I realize that all this time (it seems hours to me, but in reality is only a few seconds) that bell is ringing, and must bring succor sooner or later.

But a few seconds more and all hope departs. Unable to hold the chair any longer with one hand, I bend forward and gently draw my hand from behind me. But the movement does not escape the sharp eyes of my enemy.

With a tremendous yell of rage he drops the leg of the chair which he has been using as a battering ram, and, seizing the chair I am holding, twists it out of my hands as if it were a mere toy, and flings it to the far end of the room. Again ensues another rush as I endeavor to reach my own apartment.

It is my only chance; once unlock my door and I am safe, I think as I scramble across the bed, hotly pursued by my adversary. By a quick flank movement he outstrips me, and stands blocking the doorway, gesticulating violently, and once more we are face to face.

This time, however, his long lean hands are empty, and I feel there is a chance for me now that we can fight fair, man to man. Not but that I am aware the odds are frightfully against me; that my strength is nothing pitted against that great powerful figure opposite me full of fictitious strength of madness—a strength that enables its possessor to break up strong furniture as if it were so many pieces of bamboo. With a muttering of fierce oaths uttered in Italian, he springs towards me, and then ensues a terrible struggle, as together we are locked in deadly embrace.

For some time I succeed in holding my own, but I know the conflict cannot last much longer, for my strength is ebbing as the minutes pass, and I am still fighting desperately with the maniac. With a violent effort I break from him, knocking against the washstand and upsetting the jug and basin, which fall with a crash.

Crossing the room, I succeed in reaching the bell, and press my finger on the knob, leaning against the wall, breathless and exhausted, vaguely wondering what will be the end of it all.

Standing opposite to me is that hateful figure, watching me as a cat watches a mouse. He is quiet for the space of a minute; then, with a demoniacal grin, he deliberately stoops, picks up a large piece of the broken crockery, and hurls it at me.

A sharp stinging pain darts through my brain; a sensation of agony that I pray God I may never again experience, my eyes are blinded with a rush of warm blood, and then—I see no more—I only know that I am struggling in a sea of darkness, a very cavern of Stygian gloom, and that long bony fingers are gripping my throat.

Once again that awful struggle commences, but, blinded and weak from loss of blood, I am almost powerless to defend myself, and am soon on the floor, a gaunt bony figure kneeling on my chest.

Never until now have I realized how sweet it is to live.

"Help!" I shout, but the words die away in a faint whisper, my parched throat and dry lips refuse to utter a sound. "O God, help me!" I moan but there is no answer save a mocking of fiendish laugh. Closer and closer grip those cruel, claw-like fingers.

The agony is intolerable. My whole life passes before me as a flash. Stunned, bruised, and bleeding, I die there; how long I know not; it seems an eternity, hours, days, weeks. I can no longer struggle. All my strength is gone. The warm blood still flows from my eyes, and so I lie in a stupor of despair, and can only hope that the end will be speedy—when hark! What is that? A glimmer of hope struggles into my mind, and with one last feeble effort I endeavor to free myself from the hands that are choking me.

I hear a murmur of voices, a hurrying to and fro of footsteps; there is a buzzing in my ears, and then all is a blank.

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"Yes, he is certainly better, Thank Heaven!" and as I recognize Varley's voice I become duly conscious that I am lying on a bed in a dark room.

"How long have I been here?" I ask as I raise a weak arm, and push the bandages from off my eyes.

"Hush old fellow. Don't talk; you have been ill, but we'll soon have you right again," my old comrade answers.

"Why don't you light the candle? How dark it is!" I murmur, and as I speak a remembrance of that awful scene comes over me, and I shudder violently.

"My dear sir, you really must not talk," a strange voice makes answer.

"Yes, but light the candle. I hate this darkness," I say fretfully. There is a pause, then a whispered consultation, and again the strange voice answers me, in tones that are softer, gentler than before:—

"It is Tuesday morning."

"Tuesday!" I exclaim in astonishment. "Then it is nearly a week since that terrible night," and as I begin to think a vague uneasiness fills my brain. A horrible suspicion comes to me, and leaning on one elbow I raise myself in bed. I long to ask a question, but dare not, fearing to confirm the dreadful suspicion that is haunting me.

"Barton! Varley! What o'clock is it?" I gasp in weak hesitating accents. There is another silence, and then my old comrade answers in low tones:—

"Half past eleven." It is true then my worst fears are verified. As the terrible knowledge comes to me that I am blind, I turn my face to the pillow and a great sob breaks from me. It is a horrible, an awful thing to realize that never again shall I see the bright light, never again shall I be able to look upon the dancing waves, the glorious blue sky, or the thousand and one beautiful things that God has sent to brighten the visions of poor mortals on earth and take away some of its pain.

It is enough to fill any one's heart with bitterness, and for three long hours I battle with this agony. In vain the doctor and Varley entreat me to compose myself, telling me that the case is a curable one, but some instinct tells that it will be otherwise. In vain my faithful servant Barton implores me not to grieve so dreadfully, tells me that I may undo all that good care and nursing have done for me. It is no use. I cannot help myself; that terrible word blind seems to be written upon my brain in letters of fire.

Once again I fall into unconsciousness, and many days pass before I am well enough to hear the account of my miraculous escape from the maniac, and to learn that my assailant was the Count Ramino, an Italian, who had been confined in a lunatic asylum some two years ago, and only released as cured three months previous to the night he attacked me savagely, when it eventually took three men to hold him.

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It is the close of a summer's evening, and I am back again to Joscelyn Towers, the dear old home I have been away from so long, all of which my mother has taken such good care of during my absence. Through the open window of the library, where I am sitting, great breaths of sweet perfume are wafted, telling me that the glorious June lilies and roses are blossoming everywhere in the old gardens.

On all sides there are signs of summer. A faint hum of busy insect life mingles with the chirping of many birds, and I hear the joyous trill of a lark in the far off blue ether, and an animated twittering of a pair of swallows flirting under the eaves.

Every now and then the sound of fresh young voices and merry laughter is born on the wings, of the faint breeze, and I hear the clear rich tones of Kit Warner saying, "Three all: your serve, Lady Edith."

For the Warners are staying with us. They have been at Joscelyn Towers three weeks; and, to my intense regret, they intend to return to London to-morrow. I have been feeling out of sorts all day, and as I sit alone, having stole away from the merry group on the lawn, an exceeding great bitterness fills my soul.

A longing that never can be comes to me, and I bow my head on my hands, and become a prey to despondency. It is not often that I give way like this, but to day I try in vain to conquer the demon of despair that is hovering over me, making the future seem so dark, so hopeless.

"Oh, Eveline, my love, my love!" I murmur, thankful that there is no one to witness my sorrow, no one to see the great scalding tears—unendurable tears—that trickle down my face.

Presently I hear voices approaching, and I recognise the sweet tones of Eveline Warner, as she talks to my mother. The two have become fast friends during the past three weeks.

Hastily I sit upright, and endeavor to compose my features; ashamed of my weakness, fearful lest this girl of all others should find me unmanned, and as I lean my aching head on my hand I find myself listening, half unconsciously, to their conversation.

"Yes, poor Joscelyn, he was always so handsome. It is very hard," I hear my mother saying.

"Hard! It is terrible; I cannot conceive any thing more dreadful than to be blind; but, dear—he is as handsome as ever; no one could ever imagine those great blue eyes to be sightless," Eveline answers in tones that she tries to make cheerful, but there is the sound of a sob in her voice.

I begin to realise that I ought to go away, to shut my ears to the conversation, but the next words arrest my attention, and chain me to my seat.

"Do you know, Lady Ferrers, I—I once thought he cared for me," Eveline is saying, and then my mother replies in a low heart-broken voice.

There is a pause, and as I hear the low, sweet tones saying, "Don't darling, do not grieve so terribly," I know that the two women are mingling their tears together. For sometime my mother continues talking, and when I can distinguish the next words, Eveline is speaking again.

"But why, dear—why should this make any difference?" she says, and after a little more conversation I hear my mother's gown trailing across the verandah, and I know that Eveline is alone. A great revulsion of feeling sweeps over me, a wave of joy and hope that causes my heart to beat hotly.

"Surely, surely I heard aright; I can't be mistaken," I whisper, but I stifle the thoughts that are uppermost in my mind.

"Bah! What a selfish brute I am—I forgot," I murmur, passing my hand over my eyes, but some instinct leads me on, and I grope my way across the room, and step out through the open window.

"Ah! there you are. I had been wondering what had become of you," and quick light steps come down the verandah towards me, and a gentle hand laid on my arm leads me to my favorite seat.

"It is such a glorious evening. Quite perfect," she says as I lean back on my large bamboo chair.

"Ah! tell me about it," I say, more to gain time, as I try to still my beating heart.

"Away to the right, you know, over the park, the sun is going down a vivid crimson and there are little puffs of golden clouds resting over the woods, like the soft curls of Tintoretto's cupids; and the roses, oh! they are so lovely. The whole scene reminds one of those lines:—

'Green things to green in the summer,
makes answer, and rose tree to rose.
Lily by lily the year becomes perfect; and
none of us knows
What thing is brightest of all things on
earth, as it blossoms and blows.'"

she says, describing so vividly as is her wont.

"I can almost fancy I have my sight back.—And so you are going away to-morrow. What shall I do without my eyes, Fairy?" I say, trying to speak lightly. I have got into the way of calling her by the latter name since she has been with us at Joscelyn, since she has done so much to prevent me from feeling my affliction so keenly that I often tell her that she is my good fairy; but lightly as I speak my heart is well nigh bursting.

"Yes, I wish I were not going, I wish I could stay with you always," she answers in a low voice, and again that flood of joy rushes over me, sending the quick blood dancing through my veins, and causing my breath to come hard and fast.

"Eveline do you know what you are saying? Child, do you know what you lead me to think—to hope?" I say, rising and crossing the verandah. I am getting quite an adept at finding my way about now, and, guided by her voice, I walk straight across to where she is standing leaning against one of the Corinthian pillars, and I take one of the small hands.

"You ought to be glad that I am going away. You have forgotten what you once said to me at Malta," she says in low tones.

"Forgotten! I wish to heaven I could forget," I say vehemently, and as I speak I feel the small hand tremble violently. "Why? Because it is torture to be near and I know that I can never be anything to you now. Oh! my darling, and I love you so," and in spite of me the passionate words break forth.

"Then why won't you marry me? Oh! why do you make it so hard for me?" she says, and I know that she is crying now.

"Because it would be so cruel—a sin—to remind you of a promise made before I was blind," I say, but the very touch of her gown almost breaks down my resolution to be strong.

"But if I love you, if I cannot be happy without you," she says in low tones, so low that I have to bend my head down to hear, and I do not wait for more, but take her into my arms, and cover her face and hair with passionate kisses.

"Are you sure you will never regret it, Fairy? never be sorry that you are tied to a poor devil that is blind? Ah! I have so little to offer you, sweet—so little—only a heart," I say as I pass my hand gently over her face, lingeringly, lovingly, loth to leave the beautiful features I remember so well; but a small hand is placed over my mouth.

"Quite sure," she says; and I know by her voice that she means it—that henceforth and forever I and my Fairy will never be parted until we cross the border of that unknown world where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, or pain.

A Prodigal.

BY ALLEN MORPETH.

LET her get down and walk, the baggage! Why should she ride, day after day, while we have to tramp it on foot, and carry the babies and the bundles into the bargain? And all, forsooth, because she has a gold ring on her finger! Much that ring was worth at Jankow!"

"Hold thy prating tongue, and have a care to thyself! Black Rudolph was not always so tender to the woman as he is now Jankow; and thou'dst best not rouse him."

A long cavalcade winds slowly up the hilly road. Some leagues to westward behind it still rises the smoke from the sacked and plundered village. At the hill's foot lies an outlying homestead—this morning peaceful, plenteous, and happy; now deserted, ruined. In the low western sky—marking their track of pillage—hangs the red evening sun, slowly sinking in a mass of glorious hues; while through the swaying branches of the pine-trees, which border the roadside, his crimson and golden gleams shine like fire and blood upon the tarnished helmets and cuirasses of the mounted free lances.

There is but little order in the wild procession: the officers on horseback, the men in broken companies singing wild songs in memory of their victories; behind, the wagons piled high with corn which, this morning, stood in some thrifty stackyard, or with the household goods and provisions snatched ruthlessly from terrified and unoffending villagers.

Round these last trudge the women, to whose skirts cling barefooted little children, and two or three captive girls weeping bitterly for their lost homes and murdered kinsfolk.

And, last of all—apart, a few paces from the rest, one hand upon the bridle of his horse, the other clutching at his blade—a man walks alone stern, and silent.

He has heard all, yet only his grim silence and the involuntarily handling of his weapon mark his smouldering wrath, his resolve to postpone vengeance for the present.

For behind him in the wagon, tenderly cared for, and shielded as far as possible from the rude sights around, lies the only being who, since his boyhood, has awakened softer feelings in his heart, one who lies dying, amid the horrors of a free-lance camp, without one other hand to tend or care for her, one other heart to mourn her loss.

This is Black Rudolph; before Jankow the wildest, wickedest, most ruthless of all that daredevil crew, and she is his wife. Ah! in that word lies all her desolation, her loneliness; nothing in all the world could have so surely and so utterly cut her off from every womanly care, and tenderness, and comfort.

To these angry, clamorous women, tired out with a long day of pillage, and the burden of a booty which but this morning seemed the most coveted treasure upon earth, it is an intolerable offense that Rudolph's wife should ride safe and easy—bleest in so strong and tender a protector—while they must keep the road.

Rudolph's ominous scowl is answered by looks as black; fierce taunts arise again, until, at some word flung with more angry daring than the rest, the free-lance makes a swift and furious stride toward the speaker.

Then, like the bursting of a mill-dam, the smouldering fury of the whole camp breaks out; there is a short and angry altercation—blows—and the deep and sudden silence of surprise and fear.

The Captain of the band rides back, and furiously demands the cause of all this brawling. Half fearful, terrified at their own prowess—as a venturesome hunter gazes afar off at the dying lion—the free-lance fall back, and point in silence to the fainting, fallen figure of their sometime comrade.

Rudolph has sunk upon the bank which skirts the road, his head falls on his breast beside the clutching hands which strive to close his death wound.

"It's fatal!" coolly says the Captain.

Yes: Black Rudolph has got his death.

"March on!" the Captain says.

They move. A dying soldier more or less—a good companion gone—what matter wagon stirs again Black Rudolph struggles once more to his feet, and furiously calls on them to leave his wife.

"Put the wench down," the Captain sneers; and the band goes on its way, regardless, save in coarsest mockery, of the two helpless, dying fellow-creatures left alone midst the coming night.

Far up the winding slope of the pine-clad hill, the man can watch them as he turns after them. Even as they slowly disappear beyond its shelving brow, sounds from the band are borne again to him upon the evening breeze.

The laughter and wild songs; the distant, angry grumbling of those who march last; the furious oaths of the leader, sound somewhat strange in the quiet, darkening country and though that shadow which is falling heavy on him now. He raises his hand after them as they pass, and curses them with the bitterness of unforgiving death.

So much for a man's reward! The old companions whom he has been with for years, the captain he has served faithfully through all his changing fortunes, can turn from him with scorn in this his greatest hour of need, without a glance of kindness or regret.

They have left him alone, wounded, helpless, dying! There is more than the bitterness of mere death in the thought! This is his gain, his recompense for all that he gave up years ago when he joined that lawless company.

He slowly turns from the last sounds of their retreating footsteps, and, with such feeble strength as he can muster, draws his wife's head upon his knees. It is all he can do for her now—he who would have—who has—protected her with his life!

How carefully, how tenderly, he raises her, though it is agony for him to move; while the name, which for years he has not spoken, save in coarsest mockery, save in curses on his faithless friends, rises in prayer as he gazes on his wife.

Slowly the low, red sun sinks over the darkening landscape, its warmth and light lingeringly dying, as the strength of his life and manhood are dying in him. The last bright tents fade from fiery red and orange into dull crimson, dim magenta, dusky purple, like the last glowing embers of some stupendous fire, deep silence reigns over the wide landscape—only the night breeze stirs amid the pine-trees. He sees the day fade with the apathy of utter hopelessness—the hopelessness of despair. Death is coming with the darkness and the night.

He does not fear death; far, far too familiar is it to him for him to fear it. He has looked at it, nor shrunk from it, for many years, and now it has come to him—as he knew it would—suddenly, with swift, unerring certainty.

He would welcome it, and die as a free-lance should—carelessly, bravely, desperately if it were not for her. Ah! there is an unbearable agony in the thought that he is leaving her; an anguish of very helplessness in the remembrance that his death deprives her of her only protector—the only one who loves her.

Tears, that have been strangers to his eyes for more than twenty years, are in them now as he gazes at his wife. It is his agony of pain; his growing weakness, his helpless, hopeless despair, the misery of parting with his unprotected darling, which have wrung them from him—ay, and some thing more than these!

As he clasps her poor, cold fingers in his own, he neither sees nor hears. His thoughts have wandered far over years that are dead and gone to scenes which, until three years ago, he had never recalled.

The life of recent years falls from him—the reckless joy of its dangers, and its pleasures, and its triumphs—and scenes holier, happier days rise up before his dying mind.

He is a boy again—sole son of honest peasant parents—bold, light-hearted, loving, proud of his position as their future prop and stay.

It has grown dusk around him; but he seems to stand once again in the bright sunshine of that summer's morning twenty years ago, when they were all around him and he took his last farewell.

He is again the brave, frank young soldier, eager to serve his country and defend the right.

Again he is setting out in life, with all the glory and honor of his calling to be won. What a proud embrace his father gives him! How his mother drives back her tears as she bids Heaven bless him.

What prayers are said for the absent lad; what good counsels does he carry with him; and oh! what hopes, what resolutions, what fair dreams, never to be fulfilled!

And yet another scene—that night at Jankow—twenty years after. All the horror, the cruel glory, the mad pleasure of that night.

Surely now the fierce glare of flames illumines the pine forest with a glow redder than the departed sun?

Is not that fair young girl still clinging to his arm, with faith even in her wildest terror, and praying him to save her?

Ah, that was the turning point of his mad career—that trust in him who had thrown away his soul; in him, from whom even the most hardened shrank!

Then came the time when, for the first time, with all the force of his strong nature, he longed for better things. For, out of pity to the friendless girl he made his wife, grew love; and love so pure, and humble, and unselfish, that it entirely changed the man. For her sake he hated her rude life which had of old been all he cared for; and, as he saw her dying of the rough, cruel life he led, he hoped again passionately for the peaceful pleasures of his father's home; he longed for the father's pardon which he dared not to entreat.

Alas! it is too late. He is leaving her so fast, so certainly that no more remains to him but one farewell before he goes; he, whom she has leaned upon and trusted for these three short years is falling her at last!

He can do nothing more for her!

It is with uncontrollable anguish that he grasps her slender fingers, as if, in touching her, he sought fresh vigor. Oh, if he could but make life safe for her before he left her! If that wronged and angry father were but here, that he might throw away his shame, and pride, and fear, and ask forgiveness!

He is strangely weak—his very thoughts grow indistinct, as if he had not strength to frame them; yet there comes back to him, through the very darkness of his despair, some words that seem born of his hopeless longing: "I will arise—and go to my father."

* * * * * *

In the deeply-blue vault overhead a few stars have come out; the faint green stream of light to westward has faded into the darkness of the whole firmament; over the ever-swaying, ever-sighing pine trees the silver moonbeams herald her coming. It is long since they were left to die. Why does death stay his hand?

The night is cold, and the chilly moonlight is even colder. She has drawn closer to him, but his arm has scarcely strength to clasp her now. Surely, though slowly, life is ebbing from him; even her dear, low voice, which recalls him, as she breathes his name, from the very gates of the grave, grows fainter on his ear.

Again she speaks, and her frail hand is pointing to the coppice in the valley. Again he hears—he answers. He starts forward, drawing his cold hand across his failing sight. Can it be true? or is it the mockery of death?

No! there are lights below, which he can see—which he, please Heaven, may reach.

"Little one," he says, hope bringing strength, "canst thou walk?"

He has risen; and she rises, too, still clinging to the arm which never yet has failed her. Alas, there is no longer strength in it. He is leaning upon her, and she faints beneath the burden, thinking it her own weakness.

Oh! must he fall? It is but one supreme effort, one great last struggle, and life must—nay, it shall be—long enough for that.

He lifts her slowly, and with an agony of pain. Slowly, feebly down the hilly road he staggers on, groping blindly with foot, and hand, and eye, bending and swaying under the light weight of his unconscious burden.

At every step the ground appears less steady; with every gasp for breath the air grows heavier; in spite of all his anguish of desire, he must often pause for respite, for relief. Oh, if he dare but loose her for a moment! But no; he knows he never more could raise her!

But yet he struggles on, a pause at every step, a blind, faint grasp at every tree or fence along his path. Still on, his blind, dim gaze fixed on that beacon light before him, which scarcely seems to grow or brighten to his vision. Still on, though pain, and weakness, and despair, and death are clamring him—until he falls across the threshold!

She is saved! And he?

* * * * * *

Kind faces bend low over the dying soldier, and tears, such as he never thought to have shed over him, fall fast upon his brow.

Whose is this voice calling him, this hand clasping his? Surely this is the light and rest of Heaven!

Again words, learned long ago, rise to his lips with all the strength of supplication:

"Father—I have sinned—forgive——'

"Forgive thee! Oh, my son! my son! my son!"

FOREIGN TITLES.

ON account of the difficulty of obtaining accurate or even inaccurate information respecting the foreign nobility, there exists in the Anglo-Saxon mind on both sides of the Atlantic a nebulous state of knowledge as to the bearings of foreign rank. Perhaps this in a measure is due to the fact of the very large number of persons who by foreign rules of heraldry enjoy the privilege not merely of noble birth but of its attendant right to title, a view to some extent justified by the statement that in one Russian family alone, the Gallitsins, six hundred of its members are entitled to rank as "Princes." In this connection, perhaps no foreign title is more generally misunderstood than that of "Prince."

There are indeed foreign Dukes who rank above Princes: the Italian Brancaccio family were created Princes in 1391, and Dukes only three hundred years later. In France, which though at present ruled by a republic, still tenaciously retains socially many of its monarchical traditions—there are Dukes whose eldest sons bear the title of Prince. Thus, the children of the Duc de Broglie, who is a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, are all Princes, and their lineal descendants in the male line. The children of the Belgian Duc de Looz are likewise Princes and Princesses.

In Russia there are over half a million of nobles; in Austria, some three hundred and forty thousand nobles; in Spain, a century ago, there were nearly half a million; while in France at the Revolution there were three hundred and sixty-five thousand noble families, though of these latter there were only four thousand of ancient gentility.

On the Continent, the impression prevails that no Englishman can be noble who does not bear the title of 'Lord,' and it is a point which demands no small fluency to succeed in convincing a German that the English barony of the realm is not of the same rank as the pettiest Austrian Baron who can buy his title for a few dollars.

That there should be Baronets whose families, like those of the Temples, the Watkin Wynns, the Tichbornes, the Custwodes, and the Burdetts, were noble long prior to the Conquest, while the Premier Baron of the House of Lords (Lord De Ros) dates only from a century after that period, constitutes a source of dire perplexity to the foreign mind.

Among the foreign nobility, none hold a higher or prouder rank than the so-called mediatised Prince of Germany, the descendants of those rulers whose principalities, on the dissolution of the German Empire in 1806, were annexed and absorbed into the kingdom of Prussia, the rulers of the separate states forming which, still retain their titular rank and are accorded semi-regal honors. Such mediatized Princes enjoy the style of "Prince," and are addressed as Durchlaucht, or Serene Highness.

No foreign, though more particularly no French title holds a more esteemed place than that of "Marquis," which, indeed, socially may be said to rank above that of Duke, for the very simple reason, that while the First Napoleon created a large number of Dukes and Princes, he patented no Marquises, who, unless the sons of Imperialist Dukes, are therefore known to be of creation belonging to the days of the monarchy.

It is a colloquial fiction that every Spaniard is of noble birth, but it must be remembered that it is only the heads of the Spanish noble families who bear the title; the eldest son of a Duke being known during his father's lifetime simply as "Don Alfonso de——." It is perhaps not familiarly known that a Spanish title is by no means an expensive luxury. The rank of grandee costs about five thousand dollars. This is but poorly recompensed by the right enjoyed by all Spanish grandees of remaining covered in the presence of royalty.

Rank in Italy is neither so rare nor so costly as in Spain, not a few titles, such, for instance, as that of Prince of San Donato, being derived from the possession of certain estates. The Princes who enjoy the equally feudal privilege of erecting a throne in their great halls are, however, an envied minority. Customs vary in Italy respecting the social assumption of title. In Northern Italy, the son of a Marquis is styled cavaliere; while in Roman society he would probably be known by the same title as his father, though the younger son of a princely house will simply have engraved on his visiting card his Christian name and surname, and above this a princely coronet.

ROSES.—It is remarkable that rose-queens, rosieres, and all their variations, should still flourish, when it is obvious that the daisy is pre-eminently the flower of pure girlhood. Everything about the daisy is freshly pure. Its derivation from daeges eage, "the eye of the day;" its connection with marguerite, the flower of pearl; its botanical title, giving promise of eternal beauty; its chivalric associations, as the emblem of modesty, purity and fidelity; and its popularity with every poet—these, taken together, are sufficient testimonials for any flower on earth. Still the daisy is not raised to the rank of the more pretentious garden flower. Yet there may be sound policy in this. There is a belief that over-cultivated dahlias turn into "bachelor's buttons;" and perhaps there is a suspicion that over-cultivated young ladies at a high school might thus qualify for becoming appendages to the bachelors of the garden of mankind.

QUESTION OF THE CENSUS.—Christian name in full?

Surname?

Whether a soldier, sailor or marine (United States or Confederate) or widow of such person?

Relationship to head of family?

Whether white, black, mulatto, quadroon, octoroon, Chinese or Indian?

Sex?

Age at nearest birthday? If under one year, give age in months.

Whether single, married, widowed or divorced?

Mother of how many children, and number of these children living?

Place of birth?

Place of birth of father?

Place of birth of mother?

Number of years in the United States?

Whether naturalized?

Whether naturalization papers have been taken out?

Profession, trade or occupation?

Months unemployed during the census year?

Attendance at school during the census year?

Able to read?

Able to write?

Able to speak English? If not, the language and dialect spoken.

Whether suffering from acute or chronic disease, with name of disease and length of time afflicted.

Whether defective in mind, sight, hearing or speech, or whether crippled, maimed or deformed, with name of defect.

Whether prisoner, convict, homeless child or pauper.

Is the home you live in hired, or is it owned by the head or by a member of the family?

If owned by head or member of the family, is the home free from mortgage encumbrance?

If the head of family is a farmer, is the farm which he cultivates hired, or is it owned by him or a member of his family?

If owned by head or member of family, is the farm free from mortgage encumbrance?

If the home or farm is owned by head or member of family, and mortgaged, give post-office address of owner.

A FREE RIDE.—"When one of the early morning east-bound trains rolled into South Norwalk depot recently," says South Norwalk, Conn., paper, "a pretty Maltese cat was found snugly tucked away on a truck of one of the cars."

The feline stowaway was dragged out of her hiding place, but, falling into good hands, she was placed aboard the first up train on the Danbury and Norwalk Road, where she soon made friends with everybody on the train, from the smiling conductor down to the newsboy.

Puss seemed to feel perfectly 'at home' and is already regarded as a fixture of the road, having made two trips between Norwalk and Danbury. It is thought that the cat was on the truck when the train pulled out of New York, having made that her resting place during the night. The boys on the Danbury Road propose to treat puss kindly until she becomes as famous as 'Railroad Jack.'"

A BURGLAR in a French village got into the rooms of two men while they were absent, and, fastening the door from the inside, prevented them from getting in when they came back. The police sent for the village locksmith. But he, very strangely, couldn't be found, so they burst open the door just as the burglar got upon the roof of the building. He was seen and pursued down to the street and into a canal. The shock of the cold bath made him unconscious, and he died in a short time. When they washed from his face the black with which he had disguised himself the riddle of the village locksmith's whereabouts was solved. He was the burglar himself.

A pair of horses, owned in Cold Spring, L. I., took it into their heads to take a spin down the Long Island Railroad track just about the time a train was coming along. They had half a mile lead of the train and the race was a hot one for a mile or so, and it looked as though the train would be distanced, when all of a sudden the horses came to a bridge, and, being unable to check themselves in their mad career, found themselves hors du combat, the engineer stopping his train just in time to avoid a calamity. The horses were extricated from their embarrassing position by the aid of a derrick. It took an hour and a half to do it, however. Neither was seriously injured.

"SIR, I always aim to tell the truth," remarked a politician whose veracity had been impugned. "That may be true," was the quick retort, "but justice compels the observation that you are a mighty bad shot."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A singular suit has been brought against the electric light company in Providence, R. I., and is now pending in the Supreme Court. A resident of Benefit street wants an injunction against the company to prevent it from erecting a pole and light opposite the window of her bed chamber, the light, according to her declaration, being injurious and prejudical to her comfort and happiness. It is said that this is the first of many suits which are to be brought to prevent the erection of electric lights along Benefit street.

During the late war R. D. Cole, Jr., of Newnan, Ga., secreted a box of silver between the ceiling and roof of the residence then occupied by the family. After the war the box could not be found, though diligent search was made for it. A few days since Mr. Cole was making some repairs on the old house, and had occasion to tear away some of the interior frame work. As he removed one of the lower partition boards a silver coin fell out, and upon looking further Mr. Cole was rewarded by finding every dollar of the long lost money.

The religious crank, in Oakland, Cal. who has been preaching the destruction of the cities on San Francisco bay by a great tidal wave on April 14, has been sent to a hospital for the insane. He had induced several persons to sell their property, in order to be ready for the deluge. He included Chicago and Milwaukee in the vast visitation, because he had formerly lived in those cities and did not like their people. He has left a number of disciples, one of whom is a youth who used to go about on a bicycle, shouting the warning cry: "Flee to the mountains."

A young woman in Waterbury, Conn., attributes her loss of sight to coal gas, which escaped from a stove in her bed room during the night. Before retiring she removed the lids from the stove, and the next morning she awoke with the sight of the right eye much dimmed. As the day wore on the sight got weaker, and at 3 P. M. it disappeared entirely. Then the left eye began to grow weak in sympathy. Physicians were summoned, but they were powerless to check the departing power of the eye or give the suffering girl relief in any way. It is feared that the young woman's sight is lost forever.

The courts at Tiflis, Russia, have before them the suit of a man to recover from a professional assassin the sum of $165. The man hired the assassin for $75 down to kill an enemy, and promised $75 more when he should receive proof of the death in the shape of the enemy's ear. The assassin brought around an ear and received the $75, with $15 added for a tip. A few days later the man met his enemy, alive and entirely whole as to his ears, upon the street. An investigation showed that the assassin had also received $100 from the enemy as a reward for having betrayed the plot to him.

A curious colonial relic, known as the "open-and-shut" pulpit, was sold by auction at Danielsonville, Conn., last week. One report of the sale says of the relic: "It had been in the Read family for 160 years, and was the property of Rev. Amos Read, the first Baptist minister in the State. Mr. Read had to travel great distances in order to 'spread the gospel' and had this pulpit made to take with him. It opens and shuts with hinges like a chest whose lid is very much larger than the box part. When the pulpit is shut up it is seemingly a fair sized box; opened, the solid lid stands straight before the preacher, a pulpit standard, on which the minister lays his Bible and hymn-book, and behind which he discourses, standing on the other part of the box. Rev. Amos Read, when he set forth to preach in distant parts, just strapped up his pulpit, balanced it on his horse's back, and trotted forth, carrying church as well as Gospel along with him."

Perry, the illiterate colored man of Edgefield county, S. C., who while in what appears to be a trance preaches learned and eloquent sermons, is still attracting a great deal of attention. "He goes to bed and lies outstretched in full view of the audience and goes to sleep. After a few moments of apparently sound slumber his muscles begin to twitch, his limbs to contract, and his whole body becomes contorted. This spasm soon passes off, and then he begins to preach. He takes his text from the Bible, naming book, chapter and verse, all the time lying flat on his back with his eyes shut. For half an hour or more he preaches an excellent sermon, using very good language. At the conclusion of the sermon he sings a hymn, then comes a prayer and he dismisses the congregation. This unconscious preaching goes on every night, no matter where Perry may be, whether before an audience or not, except Friday, when he is dumb."

SOME FIFTY YEARS AGO a youth, named Sydney, left his native town of Stafford, England, for the great metropolis in quest of fortune. The son of an honest yeoman, young Sydney took with him no capital beyond that of an intelligent mind, an honest heart and a pair of willing hands. As he was starting he said to a friend and schoolmate named Boulton: "When you are Mayor of Stafford and I am Lord Mayor of London, I'll come and visit you in my state coach." By a most singular coincidence Boulton became Mayor of Stafford during the same year that Sydney was elected Lord Mayor of London.

Our Young Folks.

LIONS, BEARS, AND GIRAFFES.

BY L. F.

"MY dear Alan!"

"Well?" breathlessly.

"May I ask what you are doing?"

"Only clambering about to kill time; pretending I'm a monkey in the Zoo, you know. When a fellow isn't able to go and skate, he's bound to let off steam somehow. Was the ice very jolly, Lil?"

Alan's voice sounded rather dreary, and his sister, who had knelt down on the hearth-rug and was poking the fire, looked up quickly.

"Have you been lonely without me, laddie? Come, I am going to make a blaze, and then we will sit over the fire and have a coal."

"You haven't finished up the animals yet," remarked practical Alan; "you said you would write about wild beasts; and don't you remember I asked you not to put in the lion that had the thorn in its foot, and came into a cave where a slave was hiding, and got it pulled out, and knew him again ever so long afterwards, and wouldn't eat him up? I have read that story lots of times, and Louise says it's in her French exercise book too—at the end; and Gerald's seen it somewhere in German."

Lilian laughed merrily.

"So you are tired of Androcles and the grateful lion, are you? But, my dear boy, my paper is up stairs, and you can't really expect me to leave this delicious fire—to say nothing of 'Lazybones'—to go and fetch it."

There was one particular chair to which the children had given the name of 'Lazybones,' and you can imagine what sort of a chair it was—long and low, and just as "easy" as it could be.

"No; but supposing the paper came to you instead," said Alan, with a chuckle, as he crawled along on all-fours and laid a roll of sheets in his sister's lap. "I got it out of your room while you were away; I know where it was."

"Oh, very well, then; sit down on the hearth rug by me," said Lilian. "There, will that do?"

And then she began—

"In this, the last of our chats, we are going to talk of some savage animals who have become noted in some way or other; and as the lion is the king of beasts, it is only right to ask his Majesty to step to the front, and give us the benefit of his experiences.

"An ancient story relates how a knight, named Sir Geoffrey de Latour, was helped by a lion when he was fighting against the Saracens, and how the fierce animal followed him about afterwards like a dog.

"At last Sir Geoffrey left the Holy Land for his own country; but he apparently had no desire to take his four-footed attendant with him, for he embarked alone, leaving the animal on shore.

"The lion, however, swam after the ship until its strength was exhausted, and it sank beneath the waves.

"Another knight, Sir Iwain de Galles, is said to have saved a lion from a serpent which would have stung him to death, upon which the lion insisted upon being his body guard ever after, according to the fashion of these noble animals—in fiction.

"This particular animal, says the legend, used to approach the knight with tears in its eyes, and rise on its hind legs like a dog —a most accomplished beast, truly!

"In fables the lion plays a distinguished part; and you all remember the tale of the great lion who let the little mouse go, and the same little mouse who gnawed the ropes and let the great lion go: the best story I know of how small folk can often help large folk in quite unexpected ways.

"To take the 'lion's share' of anything—plum-cake, let us say—means that you have helped yourself to a larger piece than other people.

"The bear is not considered to be such a noble animal as the lion, but he is certainly more amusing, and as cunning as he is strong. The Laplanders call him the 'Dog of God,' and a Norwegian proverb says that he has the strength of ten men and the wisdom of twelve.

"Berne is the city of bears; you can see them alive in the city bear-pits—and fat scrappy things they look, too; and you can see them painted and carved and photographed, and I know not what besides.

"In fact, after a time you can hardly bear the sight of a bear.

"Some years ago there was a very accomplished bear known as Paris; his name was Max; and his antics consisted in tumbling, climbing, dancing, begging, curtseying, and various other things.

"Monsieur Martin was, as you may imagine, the delight and joy of all the children in the place, and I have no doubt his fame was much increased when they heard that he had managed to unbolt his pit door, and take an early morning walk on his own account. Hearing a disturbance, the keepers came running up, and found 'Martin' performing to a select audience of dogs, grinning and dancing on his hind legs, and evidently enjoying himself immensely.

"The rogue allowed himself to be caught and led back to captivity without any fuss; and the next time he tried to unbolt his door he found that it had been made a little too difficult even for the clever claws of the cleverest bear in Europe.

"It is astonishing how fond these animals are of sweet things; and if they are allowed to choose for themselves you may be quite sure they will select the very best.

"For instance, Sir Stamford Raffles had a Malayan cub, which was brought up in the nursery with the children, and used to go down to dessert with them.

"He was an affectionate little fellow, but greedy, for he always wanted the choicest fruit on the table, and champagne, and sulked if it was not given to him.

"Sometimes one would see rather a curious sight—viz., a cat, a dog, a cockatoo, and the little bear all feeding out of the same dish.

"Here is a verse about a bear which I think will amuse you; it was written by a Westminster boy as a composition on the subject 'Learning is Suffering'—

> "'How the boys do stare
> At the dancing bear!
> But little they think how he's made so:
> To dance he doth learn
> By many a burn
> On his little and also his great toe!'

"This is almost as ingenious as the description of a hippopotamus given by the keeper of a menagerie—

"'The hiptootamass is an amphibillious animal, as can't live on land and dies in the water.'

"Some years ago there was great excitement at the Zoo, caused by the birth of a baby hippopotamus; it received the name of Guy Fawkes, and, as someone said, it looked for all the world like a great India-rubber bottle filled very full of oil, and supported on four legs.

"At the same time, its mother, Adela, thought it, no doubt, the very prettiest baby in the world, and was not surprised that such crowds of people came to see it.

"No less excitement was caused in France when a giraffe—the first, I believe, ever seen in that country—landed at Bordeaux, and travelled to Paris with her keeper, Atl.

"The roads were lined with spectators, wild with curiosity to view the extraordinary long necked, long-legged arrival from foreign parts, and every large town on the way sent out a deputation to welcome her with due honor.

"A good many enthusiastic admirers accompanied her to Paris, so that Madam Giraffe's progress was like a triumphant procession.

"Her ladyship happened to be extremely fond of roses, and used to help herself calmly to any within reach, plucking them out of the ladies' dresses and the gentlemen's buttonholes; and you can well imagine one had to be a long way off to be quite safe from her depredations.

"Her keeper had another reason for wishing, perhaps, that Nature had not bestowed such a long neck on his charge. He always slept in a gallery at the top of the giraffe's stable, and as soon as she woke up—that is, directly it became light—she proceeded to rout him out of bed with her nose.

"It was in vain for poor Atl to remark, as he might very well have done, in the words of the old nursery rhyme—

> "'You have waked me too soon,
> I must slumber again;'

the giraffe had no idea of allowing laziness in her establishment, and worried her attendant until he did as he was bidden.

"In the time of the Romans giraffes were sometimes led in the public processions; for the people were fond of procuring savage or curious animals to swell the triumphs of their military heroes back from the wars, perhaps, with hundreds of prisoners.

"It must be a splendid thing to be a giraffe when there is any sight-seeing to be done. No standing on tiptoe, no craning your neck till it aches, no struggling to get a peep over your neighbors' hats; nothing to do but to stand up and raise your head!

"But a long neck might have its disadvantages too, you know.

"'Fancy,' said Sydney Smith, when he heard that one of the giraffes at the Zoological Gardens had a cold, 'fancy a giraffe with two yards of sore throat!'

* * * * * *

"Asleep, Alan?"

"Of course not, Lil; I've been listening all the time. Is that the end?"

"Yes, and the fire is getting low too; jump up and put some more coal on, laddie."

"I can't bear things to come to an end, Lilian; can you? Why don't they go on and on and on?"

GWEN'S FRIEND.

BY MINNIE DOUGLASS.

WHEN nurse left there was great grief; but she went to a home of her own, and not very far from those who miss her. Mr. Wright, whose boy and girl she had had charge of since his wife's death, thought so much of her that he let her and Jim, the farm hand whose wife she now was, live in a small house of his near the park gates.

In time nurse and Jim were made glad by a child of their own, a girl, to whom they gave the name of May. Rob and Gwen Wright, when they came to see nurse, made a great pet of May, and as she grew up she came to be the friend of Gwen.

When May was ten years old nurse was ill, and as her house was so small Gwen thought it would help if May came to stay with her.

Then Gwen said to Mr. Wright—for her dear mother was dead—"Do let May come up here! It will leave the old place still for old nurse, and I shall like to have her."

So May come up to the Hall. At first it was great joy for her to see all the fine things there.

But one day the thought came, "Why should Gwen have all this? Why was nurse ill? Why was all bright at the Hall, and no one with a grief, while her heart was so dull and sad?"

So when Gwen sent word for her to come up stairs she went in with a grave face, and did not care for things Gwen had to show her.

"What is it, May?" said Gwen at last, as she felt the damp of May's way. "You don't like to play. Are you ill?"

"No, miss," said May.

"Then what is it?"

"I don't know, miss," said May, and some tears fell.

"You must know. Is dear nurse worse?"

"Oh, no, miss—not that I heard of," said May, with a start.

Gwen was still for a time, and she went to her dolls and then put them back on their beds. She shut the door of the dolls' house (though she had just put a maid with a broom to sweep the stairs); and then, with a book in her hand, she sat to look out at the fields and trees all round her home.

She thought of a time when a dear face with soft grey eyes had been near her at all times. That dear one had gone from earth, and though all were kind to Gwen, she had lost that love which is best of all this world can give.

May got up from her chair when she saw the sad face. She thought, "What has she to fret for?" and went near the window.

"Miss," she said in a shy way.

"Yes?" said Gwen, with a turn of her kind young face.

"What have you got to make you fret?"

Gwen did not know what she meant, and May saw this. She did not know what to say, but tears came, and were a help.

"Tell me what you mean, May," said Gwen.

"I mean, Miss Gwen," cried May, with a sob, "you have all the world can give you, and no cause to fret! We are poor, and I have need to be sad."

"You are rich, if you knew it!" said Gwen, "you are dear old nurse's child, and you have her!"

Then it all came to May. Gwen had lost what all the wealth of the world could not give her back, and she, May, had got it still. Her face grew red and shy; but Gwen laid a kind hand on hers, and told her they would both walk down through the park to see how nurse was.

"She is close to the lodge gate, so they will let us go, I'm sure. Get your hat on, May."

When they got near the park gate a lot of smoke blew through the trees, and loud sounds were heard of a crowd near.

"We must go on," said Gwen, when she heard the noise; and she held May's hand in hers.

"Let me, Miss Gwen! No one minds me! You run back by that tree, and I'll come and tell you what it is."

So Gwen went back, and May ran on through the gates to where she found a crowd in front of nurse's small house.

It was on fire!

She ran to the door and tried to get in, but a strong man held her back.

"Come out o' that, lass, the roof will fall on ye."

"I don't care!—let me go!" cried the poor child. "I must go to her!"

"Why!" said one near; "it's her child, to be sure what's been up at the Hall!" And she ran up to May, and cried. "She ain't in there, my dear; she be at the lodge. We got her out first thing. She's safe."

Then May fell back quiet white and faint in the arms that held her; but she soon got up to say—

"Let me see her; then I'll go to dear Miss Gwen and tell her."

So she went on to the lodge, and did not give a thought to the old house, which soon fell, and where kind friends had got out all they could.

Nurse got well, and May was a great help to her. One day when Gwen was with them nurse said—

"My dear, May says you made her feel glad to be poor one day, and I know well what you meant!"

"It's all right, nurse, now," said Gwen, with a smile; "and it is nice you have got the lodge to live in. I am to go to school soon, but each time I come home I shall run down here the first thing to see how you all are. Will you keep my pet dog for me?"

Of course they said that they would; and when the time came for Gwen to come home; May went with Gyp to meet her; and such laughs and barks as there were! You should have heard them!

A LIVING ROPE.—A number of boys were skating and sliding in Yorkshire nearly a hundred years ago. On a sudden the ice gave way almost in the middle of the lake, and one poor little fellow fell in.

There was no house near where they could run for help; no ropes which they could throw to their struggling companion. The boys stood on the bank, with pale sorrowful faces, afraid to try and reach their friend, in case the ice should give way, and swallow them all up.

But one boy suddenly remembered that although you cannot stand a board upright on thin ice without going through, yet if you lay the same board flat on the ice it will be quite safe. Not only that, but he knew that he could run along the board without fear of cracking the ice.

It only took him a moment to remember all that; the next he spoke to his friends something after this fashion:

"I will lie down flat on the ice near the edge; then one of you must come to my feet and push me along till you too can lie down. If you all lie down in that way, and push the boy in front of you, we shall make a line long enough to reach poor Reuben."

Thus, taking the post of danger himself, the brave boy was able by his living rope to reach his friend. He pulled him out, though he was not one moment to soon, for he was so exhausted with his efforts to keep his head above water that he would very soon have sunk.

THEY SQUEAKED.—According to a Chicago paper, a female customer in a hardware store rejected four or five pairs of shears because they squeaked. She was finally suited with a pair that didn't squeak, and went her way.

As the accepted pair happened to be one of those first refused, the salesman was asked how the metamorphosis was effected. "That," said he, "is one of the very simplest secrets of the man who sells shears. Observe this." He picked up a pair of scissors that "squeaked" wofully when worked. Then he run his finger thoughtfully down the side of his nose and rubbed them over the scissors, which came together as gently and noiselessly as though saturated with oil. "There is always a little oil collected in the corners on the outside of one's nostrils," he said, "and when a customer complains that a pair of shears squeak they can be oiled up without exciting suspicion."

THE latest idea of some of the handsome young society girls of Bath is to give a german at the Phœnix and invite no gentlemen. Part of the ladies will take the gentleman's part, being dressed in black and white chemisette, high collar and white necktie.

Much of that which is called world happiness is but misery in disguise.

FAR-AWAY DAYS.

BY H. S. HICHENS.

In the long winter evenings
When snow lies around,
And night closes in
With its darkness profound,
I sit all alone
In the fire's bright ray,
My fancy roams back
To the days far away.

The dear days when my eyes
Shone with youth's happy light,
When my heart beat with joy,
And the world all seemed bright;
Loved ones gathered around me,
No day seemed to long,
Every man was a friend,
Every bird sang a song.

Yet sometimes I fancy
I need not despair,
For hopes I thought buried
Spring up everywhere,
And I trust that in Heaven,
Beyond the sun's rays,
The angels are keeping
My far-away days.

DERELICT SHIPS.

A derelict or abandoned ship drifting hither and thither before boisterous breezes and constant currents is a truly pitiable sight to a seafarer at any time. Such vessels, moreover, are as dangerous to ships that may chance to cross their erratic course as ever uncharted rock heaved up by volcanic action from hitherto presumably fathomless depths of old ocean. Some are seen wholly dismasted, their severed spars crashing like battering-rams against their wounded sides; others with masts still standing, but sails blown into shreds, that flap against the swaying yards in savage unison, while the wind wails a shrill accompaniment across the chafing cordage. Rudderless, with seams gaping wide, these deserted hulks await the final breaking up that sooner or later comes to all.

Derelicts have probably proved fatal to many a good ship that has left the land to disappear as utterly as though she had never been. Ships floating keel uppermost are a great menace to navigation, as nothing but a curl of foam indicates the danger to a mariner, be he ever so watchful.

The North Atlantic is strewn with deserted vessels after every hurricane. There is a greater traffic on this expanse of water than on any other ocean; and the timber ships trading to North America are both old and numerous. Worn-out timber-laden ships unfit for any other trade form a large majority of the drifting derelicts.

Seamen, however, as a rule are loth to leave their ship. Not every vessel deserted by her crew is a derelict in the eyes of the law. A ship to become legally derelict must have been abandoned, not only without hope of recovery by her crew, but also without any intention on their part of returning.

It is said that if a cat or dog be found on board of a ship, she is not a derelict in the strict sense of the term. Mariners upon water logged ships in mid-ocean are frequently compelled to endure terrible suffering, sometimes ending in a horrible death. At the commencement of the half century, the Caledonian encountering the full force of a hurricane, became water-logged and unmanageable.

Her crew remained for thirteen days on the wreck, subsisting on the dead bodies of their shipmates. Cabins and provisions were under water. The Russian ship Dyglen rescued the survivors from their perilous position just as they were about to satisfy the cravings of thirst with the blood of the cabin boy, whom they had resolved to kill. Extraordinary heroism was evinced by the mate of the Russian ship. Single-handed, that brave man rescued the stricken seamen during bad weather in a small boat at the imminent risk of his own life. A ship named the British Gratitude was subscribed for by British merchants and presented to that officer, in order that his action might live in the memory of his countrymen.

As a rule, drifting derelicts are wooden-built vessels. One of the most remarkable in the North Atlantic was the schooner Twenty one Friends. She was observed in March 1885 about one hundred and sixty miles from Chesapeake Bay; and four months later was two thousand miles east north east of the position where she was abandoned. Thence she drifted towards the north coast of Spain, and was last seen in the vicinity of Cape Finisterre. She had been reported by no fewer than twenty-two vessels at intervals more or less widely separated. How many have to congratulate themselves on unwittingly giving her a wide berth? The Gulf Stream bore her right across the Atlantic in about eight months.

Some such ship might easily have given rise to the old sailors' superstition with respect to the 'Flying Dutchman,' doomed to be continually met with off the Cape of Good Hope.

The W. L. White, a wooden, three mast, timber laden schooner, built in 1884 has just terminated her remarkable cruise? During the awful blizzard of 13 h March 1888 she was abandoned, water-logged, about eighty miles from New York. The genial Gulf Stream and westerly winds drifted this derelict right across the Atlantic, and on the 23 l of last January she brought up to her trailing anchors on the north west coast of Scotland.

From the beginning of May till the end of October she drifted aimlessly about in and out of the Gulf Stream and the Labrador currents, setting north east and southwest respectively. During this long interval she was reported by no fewer than thirty-six ships, three of which sighted her in one day. In her cruise of ten months and ten days she traversed a distance of more than five thousand miles, was reported forty five times, and it is impossible to estimate how many more vessels unknowingly passed her at night and in foggy weather.

Last January, two large ships collided with derelicts while under full sail, and received serious damage, so that the important e of this subject cannot be over estimated. In ancient times, under the law, both stranded ship and cargo became the property of the owner of the seashore whereon she had drifted.

Occasionally, the crew set fire to their ship before quitting her; out this is seldom done, lest evil tongues should assert that she was purposely destroyed for the sake of the insurance. It would however, be a good thing, on falling in with a derelict in fine weather, if shipmasters would set fire to such a drifting danger.

Those who live at home at ease may wonder how it is that a derelict ship can keep afloat so long; and seeing that they keep afloat, as shown above, why they ever were abandoned. They keep afloat because their cargo happens to be of a buoyant nature, as in the case of timber laden vessels; and they are abandoned because, even in new ships, once water-logged they are unmanageable, in danger of capsizing, no food can be got at from below, and when heavy weather comes, all hands have to be take themselves to the tops, as the seas break completely over the wrecks, which lie like logs upon the heaving waters. Seamen in derelicts have often had to dive in the cabins for scraps of food. They hold together so long because the ships are stoutly built, though too old in many instances to carry perishable cargoes.

Grains of Gold.

One of the causes that leads us to mistor tune is that we live according to the example of others.

Argument will pull a wise man down to the level of a fool, but it never raises a fool up to the plane of a wise man.

Your goodness must have some edge to it, else it is none. Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind.

We can have only scorn for the conceited assumption of one who strives to make his narrowness appear broad and his shallowness deep.

One must fall in love with duty in order to do one's duty with content. Such love is passionless. Duty gives neither kisses nor caresses.

Public opinion is the strongest factor in putting down any evil; and it is made up of private opinion, openly expressed and heartily followed.

We owe respect to the man who, however ignorant, makes no false pretence, but strives to repair his deficiencies by attentive listening or modest questions.

No affection ought to make us blind to the faults of those we love. We may accept them as part and parcel of the beloved, but we ought not to ignore them or call them good.

The best recipe for going through life in a commendable way is to feel that everybody, no matter how rich or how poor, needs all the kindness they can get from others in the world.

Every man who succeeds inclines to ascribe all the credit to his own ability, shrewdness, industry; but when he fails he lays the blame wholly upon others, upon circumstances, upon fate.

Femininities.

The magic of first love is the ignorance that it can ever end.

Real love is all of one type; there are endless imitations of it.

The freshness of the heart is lost far more surely by debauchery than by years.

The Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India, &c., has rheumatism in her knees.

Women rarely agree among themselves, except in the evil which they speak of another woman.

It is as difficult to make a woman understand anything by reasoning, as it is easy to convince her by emotion.

Occasionally you see a girl with $5 gold pieces for bangles on her bracelet, and a lonely nickel in her pocketbook.

There is more saving virtue in one quick stern reproof than in an hour of aimless scolding. A scolding woman is a constant thorn in the flesh.

Women who are absolutely beautiful have only that amount of modesty which is necessary in order to make the most of their beauty.

Tall femmes de chambre are the latest; the taller the better, in order that they may be able to look down on a high head-gear in arranging it.

Queen Victoria has written two books that were never published. Who is there now who will say she is not a kind and gracious sovereign?

There is only one letter in a man's alphabet, and that is "I;" only one in a girl's, and that is "O;" only one in a married woman's, and that is "U."

Mr Emory Hugh: "That's a terrible price, young woman, for one dress!" Loving daughter, ingeniously: "A big price, pa, but this is to scoop him in!"

There is a revolt in an art school at Detroit because the principal has issued an order forbidding the young women students to chew gum during the sessions.

Cut-glass is becoming the fashion for toilet articles instead of silver. One reason is that the silver requires constant polishing, while the glass is easily kept in order.

"I should like to know, in regard to this matter, why women who are so greatly irritated by the evil that we sometimes speak of their sex are so pitiless to each other."

The Duke of Portland has been disappointed again. It is a girl, and the precedent of a century, during which no direct heir has been born to the house, remains unbroken.

The 'Penny Dinners" established at Kingstown, Ireland, under the patronage of the Countess of Meath, Lady Powerscourt, and other ladies of distinction, do a great deal of good.

Dress skirts are to be made of some kind of cloth material, and cut so as to resemble a pair of very wide and liberal pantaloons. They will not be bifurcated, but have much the appearance of it.

Kindness comes with a double grace and tenderness from the old; it seems in them the hoarded and long-purified benevolence of years, as if it had survived and conquered the selfishness of youth.

A young lady was recently married in Albany, Ga. In the turmoil of her arrangements for the happy event, when anything went wrong, she would say: "Well, I'll know how next time."

A young man should not feel flattered because a pretty girl keeps his photograph stuck in the frame of her mirror. When she is in front of the mirror she is pretty sure to be looking at something else.

Miss Elizabeth Hewlett, who lived alone for over 50 years in a hovel near Hempstead, L. I., is dead. In early life she was jilted by a young man who afterward married her sister, and she became a hermit.

A Cincinnati paper viewing the fact that the ex-Empress Eugenie, at the age of 83, has begun writing poetry, charitably reminds a hard-feeling world that much can be forgiven to a woman who has suffered.

The latest Yankee notion has been devised by a number of young women in Boston and other large cities in Massachusetts, who have formed an organization for the purpose of supplying small towns with libraries.

Since the oldest woman of Vienna died a short time ago, a most animated competition has been in progress for recognition as her successor. This competition shows that the Austrian capital has several women over 100.

Pets to be carried in the arms are no longer confined to King Charles spaniels, with long, silky ears, and softly purring gray maltese cats; but every conceivable variety of animals is now considered proper for street wear.

Men talk in raptures of youth and beauty, wit and sprightliness; but after seven years of union, not one of them is to be compared to good family management, which is seen at every meal and felt every hour in the husband's purse.

At Huntington, W. Va., a young man who had escorted a young lady to the theatre fell a sad victim to the pernicious habit of going out between the acts. About the second time he went out to see a man his fair companion arose, invited a friend to accompany her home and gracefully retired.

Austria pensions ballet girls of the Vienna opera. Before they can secure a pension, however, they must be pronounced by examiners as neither young enough, beautiful enough nor graceful enough to take even the most insignificant part. It is further stated that, as a consequence, the pension list remains unexpended.

Whether early, whether late, there is one thing women hate; there is one thing they all do against their wishes; there is nothing 'neath the skies so needlessly despised as to have to go and wash the darned old dishes. They can cook and pare the nest, fry potatoes, fix a roost, make a pudding, apple pie and cake delicious; but they rave around like sinners, when they all get done their dinners, and go out to wash the darned old dirty dishes.

Masculinities.

The most profitable and praiseworthy genius in the word is untiring industry.

"Well, paps has ratified our engagement, Josephus, dear," "Good! but what did he say?" "He simply said 'Rats!' "

"A lass! a lass!" exclaimed an old bachelor who wanted to marry. "Alas! alas!" he cried, after he had been married awhile.

Frank—(sitting up in bed, watch in hand)—"Here it is 6 o'clock, and nobody comes to wake me up. I shall be sure to miss the train."

Squigg—"I never see you and Miss Maryann out together any more. Have you quarreled?" Bilgus—"No, not exactly. We're married."

Indignant young man—"Waiter, your coat sleeve dipped into this lady's soup." Obliging Waiter—"Don't mention it, sir, it will wash out. What kind of fish, pleas.?"

An Englishman has invented a desk for the use of persons traveling, the table of which is fixed in such a way that it remains steady in spite of the swaying of the boat or train.

At Beloit, Ohio, a tramp jumped from a slowly running freight train, seized a gold-headed cane that was standing near the door of a residence, got back on the train and went his way.

Old Mr. Walstrete: "And have you sufficient means, young man, to support my daughter in comfort?" Jack Hastings: "Why, yes; provided I'm not ruined by the expenses of a long engagement."

A correspondent tells of two children of a Revolutionary officer who are still living, and are residents of this city. Their father was born in December, 1749-50, and served as an officer all through the Revolution.

Suppose a doctor does not take his own medicine; suppose a preacher does not practice what he preaches; he means well, and no man has a right to do wrong because some one else is not doing what he says ought to be done.

"Show me a protessional athlete 40 years old," said an eminent physician, "and I will show you a man old beyond his time, with bones out of shape, muscles injured and joints stiffened, and no one would promise him five years more of life."

Why is a negro's skull harder and thicker than a white man's? Herodotus explained it by attributing it to the early exposure of African children to the heat of the sun; and Professor Virchow, after his trip up the Nile, sides with the Greek historian.

"Mosaback" is a term of derision in almost every instance at the present time. Formerly the term was applied to those pioneers who made their log-cabins warm and dry by filling the cracks and roof with moss, which grew and presented a beautiful sight.

Mrs. Dusky: "Am dem de black stockins you tole me 'bout buyin'?" Miss Stiffron: "Yes, dem is de ones, Cicely; an' dey only cos' seventy five cents." "Am dey silk?" "Not 'zactly, but dey're jes as good." "An' will dey wash!" "Dat I don't know; I'se only had 'em fo' weeks."

Wife: "Cyrus, I am sure young Spoonamore is becoming serious in his attentions to Susie." Husband: "Nonsense! What makes you think so?" "He wears a new necktie every time he comes." "Do you think Susie cares anything for him?" "Yes. She hasn't eaten an onion this spring."

"My son," said a good mother to her young hopeful, "did you wish your teacher a happy New Year?" "No, ma," responded the boy. "Well, why not?" "Because," said the youth, "she isn't happy unless she's whipping some of us boys, and I was afraid if I wished her happiness she'd go in for me."

Lewis Johnson, of Galesberg, Ill., awakened the other night to find a huge rat gnawing at his eyebrows. He drove the rodent away and again fell asleep. The animal again crawled back on the bed, and bit Johnson on the nose. Johnson was sick the next day from the effects of the fright, and his face was badly swollen.

"I have found out why the English are such famous walkers. It is because it costs them money to sit down. I found this out the other day as I sat on a bench in Hyde Park. A man in uniform came along and demanded twopence. "What I asked?" For occupying a seat," said he; "we are authorized to collect tuppence from everybody who sits down."

The young King of Portugal is growing exceedingly corpulent and splenetic. He displays neither mental nor physical energy, unless to shoot in the preserves at his country seat. His wife, who is a clever and energetic woman, sees his throne slipping away from beneath him, and can do nothing to avert the catastrophe.

The latest derby hat—the real English fad—has a narrower brim than last year. A Western man who always wears a wide sombrero, while on a visit East recently, said: "All my friends in the East above 40 years of age are near-sighted. They all wear high silk hats or derbys with narrow brims. They do not realize that it is narrow-brimmed hats that ruin their eyesight."

The German Empress is forming a "League for the Preservation of Good Habits" among Prussian ladies. The members oblige themselves to discourage luxury in every form, both for themselves and their friends, to wear fewer, more simple, and cheaper dresses, and to practice right economy in their households.

Millicent (after playing a difficult operatic selection)—"How do you like this, uncle?" Uncle Hiram—"Splendidly. I've always liked it." Millicent—"Always liked it! I didn't know that you ever heard it before!" Uncle Hiram—"Why, bless your heart, child, I've been 'hearin'' Yankee Doodle' ever since I was so high."

General Sherman is an original. He said to a friend the other day who was talking to him about the delay in putting up the Grant monument: "That won't happen to me. I've hired my own monument and paid a thousand dollars for it. The minute I am buried it will be erected over me, and that will end the matter. I want to have my own sense with my monument. I don't like the biggest hero, and we fancy there was a big army

Recent Book Issues.

The splendid novel "Eoline; or, Magnolia Vale," by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz is just re-issued by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, this city, at 25 cents per copy.

"The Hand-Book of The State Houses" is a useful little guide for visitors to that place. Published by David Scattergood, 8 x th and Chestnut Street. Price 25 cents.

"The Millionaire's Wife," just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, this city, is a New American Novel from the pen of Prudence Lowell, and will give decided satisfaction to all who may read it. It is written in an agreeable and happy style. Price 25 cents.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The first paper describing Miss Bisland's extraordinary trip around the world, appears in the April number of *The Cosmopolitan*, illustrated from photographs and drawing. Thomas Nelson Page, has the complete story of "George Washington's Last Duel," and Arthur Sherburne Hardy a brief er sketch. A fairy story called "The Enchanted Base-Ball" by the actress, Sydney Cowell, is a charming conceit illustrated by seventeen sketches. A magnificent portrait of the Emperor of Germany, forms the frontispiece of the magazine, and the German army is treated by a schoolfellow and friend of the young Emperor. This article, as the others, receives elaborate illustrations. Eaton Hall, one of the most magnificent country places in the world, is illustrated and described by Pelham Clinton, and Allan Marquand describes Princeton University. The first of Murat Halstead's "Reviews of Important Current Events" appear in this number. Half a dozen other articles, make up the contents. Published in New York.

The April *Magazine of American History* is notable for the timeliness of its topics and the clever style in which they are treated. "Our South American Neighbors" has for its text the bright new book of travels by Frank Vincent. The second article of the number, "The Romance of the Map of the United States," is by H. G. Cutler, of Chicago. "Laval, the First Bishop of Quebec," by John Dimitry; and "Diplomatic Services of George William Erving," by Hon. J. L. M. Curry, ex-Minister to Spain, are scholarly productions. "Washington at the Columbus Exposition," by Rev. Dr. G. S. Plumley; "An Account of Pennsylvania, 1765," from Percy Cross Standing, of London; "Anecdote of Lord Chief Justice Holt," by D. Turner; and "Westward to the South Seas," by Milton T. Adkins, are varied, instructive, and delightfully readable articles. This great historical monthly, the only one of its kind in the country, and the best in the world, grows more and more popular every year. The six departments of which no mention is here made for want of space, are worth in themselves the entire subscription price. Published at 743 Broadway.

IN THE DENTIST'S CHAIR.—Did you ever sit down in a dentist's chair, reader, with the naked forceps glittering above your head and all your faculties and senses abnormally alert; did you ever sit down thus, and open your mouth and point to one of those old double-crowned cuspids that, like icebergs, submerge three-fourths of their bulk out of sight, and are more deeply rooted in the constitution of man than original sin; did you ever, we say, sit down thus, in the days before anæsthetics had mitigated the barbarities of dentistry, and say to that man, who is literally a man of steel, "This is the tooth. Take a good grip and haul away!" If you have, you will know how your grandfather used to feel when he went to the village doctor to have a bad tooth extirpated.

The stalwart son of Æsculapius was wont to lean back upon the forceps, and tug and lerk and saw like a man trying to rein in a runaway horse. Your grandfather grasped the arms of the chair in which he was imprisoned, and squeezed them until his joints cracked, in order to keep from yelling. But the agony kept getting worse and worse.

The victim was sure he was going to die—when, all of a sudden, the top of his head came off with a roar; the planetary system s ruined together in one vast cosmic salad, and, lifting his bewildered eyes for a moment to the disembodied source of his misery, the patient leaned over and discharged a pint of blood into the dentist's basin.

WHEN THE MUCOUS SURFACES of the Bronchia are sore and inflamed, Dr. Jayne's Expectorant will afford prompt relief. For breaking up a cold, or subduing a cough, you will find in it a certain remedy.

LAW AND LIBERTY.—Law and liberty in their nat ve use are opposed and contradictory Constitutional law is not only in harmony, but is identical with freedom; and constitutional law is an authoritative declaration and adjustment of the rights of its subjects. Law, therefore, has its foundation in its subjects. Lawlessness is not liberty, but anarchy and chaos; liberty is to be permitted not to do as we please, but to do as we ought. Law, based in truth and nature in no wise interferes with legitimate liberty, but is its bulwark, and the very condition of its existence. Liberty depends upon laws, and is their natural and necessary offspring—is but the result and expression of the harmony of laws. "Law alone," says Goe he "can give us freedom." Every infringement of law is a violation of liberty; every extravagance of liberty is a law broken. We talk of divine, of human law, of natural law, of physical and moral law; and often without any clear or precise meaning attached to any of these phrases. It is therefore divine, in as much as its primary source and author is Duty. Natural law, is in the nature with which its creator has endowed it. But human law in its highest generic aspect, is that principle of consistence and relation which give system to things—to creation—its completeness and harmony of method, its individuality and inter dependence of parts, its unity in variety." Life is the principle of individuation", says Coleridge—as said Schilling. Every power in nature is regulated by law, otherwise it would be characterless and indefinite. No portion of the universe, is without its law, without its order; there is no want of form, no void. Conscience is regarded as the regulative organ or faculty of our moral nature, and cannot be held in bondage without disorder, ensuing throughout that nature. If violence be offered to this regulating power, hollowness and untruth pervade the whole character. The passions, avarce, hatred, lust, ambition—not by any natural authority or right to dictate—the reverse—often tyrannize over both reason and conscience. L. G. W.

MATCHMAKING IN RUSSIA.—Marriages solemnized in Russia are not supposed, as with us, to be made in Heaven. The manner in which they are frequently brought about is simplicity itself. Instead of the matrimonial agency, which has not yet acquired the right of citizenship in Russia, gossiping matchmakers perambulate the country, each keeping to his or her district, and, like Irish hedge schoolmasters two generations ago, everywhere sure of a welcome. In Bakhmoot, for instance, you have scarcely taken possession of your room in your hotel when a well-dressed man walks in, makes a profound bow, and asks you bluntly: "Would your nobility think of marrying?" If excusable curiosity or a less excusable desire to exchange single for married misery prompts you to give him a civil answer, he lays album after album before you with the photographs of eligible brides and bridegrooms, according to your sex, on which are inscribed marginal notes containing brief but interesting details about the social position, fortune, expectations and drawbacks of the original. He discusses the "points" of his clients with charming candor and objectivity—many of these matchmakers have been horse dealers before—and refers you to prosperous married couples who are as happy as the day is long since he brought them together. Heretofore the matchmaking provision was monopolized by women, as it still is in the Northern and Central Provinces. In the South, however, men are taking it up methodically and completely cutting out their sisters.

A TOUCHING scene occurred at an auction sale in Atlanta, Ga. Among the articles for sale was a pair of crutches. In the audience was a poor cripple boy, and the crutches were just the right length for him. He was the first to bid on the crutches. An elderly well dressed man bid against him.

The boy raised the bid a trifle, and the elderly gentleman again overbid him. There were cries of "shame!" "shame!" in the crowd. The boy made another bid and once more he was overbid by the same old gentleman. The boy had bid all he was able and turned away with tears in his eyes. The crutches were knocked down to the elderly gentleman, and to the great surprise of all he took them to the poor little boy and made him a present of them. A reporter, who was present, says: "There probably never was an old man who was more abused and praised in such a short space of time as was the purchaser of the crutches. But he heard none of it, and disappeared even before the grateful boy could thank him."

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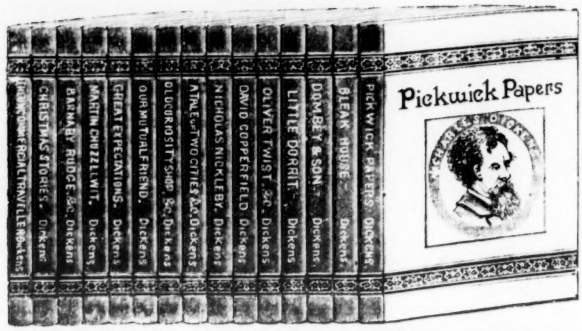

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The Saturday Evening Post,

726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE TRUTH ABOUT A BOY.—He comes out at the front door, bright-faced and happy. He comes out for no particular reason, save that he wants to be moving about. He is full of physical action, and must get some of it out of him before bedtime, or he won't be fit to sleep. He doesn't know this with his head, but his body knows it; for, after all, the body does a good deal of its own thinking independently of what we call consciousness.

He stands on the step and looks up and down the street. He doesn't know what he is looking for. Indeed, he is not looking anything. He just looks with a sort of undefined hope that he will see something suggestive to him of what to do. He jumps down the steps and goes to the gate, hangs on it a moment, makes a few sounds with his voice such as nobody but a boy can make, and nobody else would make if he could. They don't mean anything. He makes them because—well, because he is a boy. As if he had suddenly thought of something to do, he bangs the gate open and rushes down the middle of the street yellowing like a young Indian. But he has not suddenly thought of something to do.

He has simply done that because he couldn't think of anything to do, and must do something. Then he picks up a stone and fires it at a dog, and cringes and feels sorry if it hits the mark. He doesn't want to hurt the dog. He throws the stone because he and the dog and the stone are there, and it is handy to do so. For a few seconds he stands and looks up into a tree at—nothing. Then he breaks into a run again, and suddenly sits down on the curbstone as if he had accomplished something and was content.

CONFERING A FAVOR.—It was midnight on the cable road. Only two passengers sat in the car, a young man and an elderly one. Suddenly there was a crash; a collision had occurred. The young man was unhurt and he immediately went to the assistance of the old gentleman, who was somewhat shaken up. A carriage was called and the old gentleman was taken away.

The young man was surprised a few days after to read a personal in a daily paper somewhat as follows: If the young man who was in cable car collision with old gent will call at——street he will confer a favor." The address was an aristocratic one and visions of a reward for his services flitted through the young man's mind. He put on his best suit of clothes, walked seven squares, and, although somewhat fatigued, put on a smile when he rang the bell. The identical old gentleman came to the door. "Ah, you are the young man who was in the car with me when the accident happened," he remarked. "Yes sir, I was fortunate enough to be," replied the young man with a bland smile and emphasis on the word fortunate. "Well, you didn't see anything of a pair of gold spectacles, did you?" came the query, and the young man was just able to gasp out "no" before the door shut in his face."

A WOMAN, in sending an order to a florist's for some flower seeds, included in the list the "pink of politeness" and the "flower of chivalry." She said she had frequently read about these flowers in the newspapers, but had never seen them growing. The florist had none in stock, and informed his customer that they were becoming rarer every year.

Humorous.

THE FIRST FLY.

Dance on my nose with your tickling feet,
Blue-bottle fly!
Sing in my ears with your buzz to greet
Me as I lie.
You will seek me out in my dark retreat,
With an eager zeal that no screen can beat,
And I try to slap you clear into the sweet,
Sweet bye-and-bye.

I haven't seen you since eighty-eight,
Little house-fly;
And I see you now with the bitterest hate
You can defy.
Oh! how I hate you, nobody knows,
Author of half my summer woes;
Oh! now I prayed that you might be froze,
Villainous fly!

All through the winter you did not freeze;
Not much, Mary Ann.
Now all the summer you'll do as you please;
That is your plan.
When in the warm afternoon we would sleep,
Near us your wakefulest visits you'll keep,
Precious is sleeping, waking is cheap;
Sleep, folks, if you can.

Vain are my wishes, O little house fly,
You're hard to mash;
Strong men may swear and women may cry;
Teeth they may gnash;
But into the house your friends you'll lug,
You'll bathe your feet in the syrup jug,
And your cares you'll drown in the baby's mug,
Cheeky and rash!

—U. N. Nonn.

Deeds of arms—Hugging.

Music on the brain—A "singing in the ears."

The man who truly and sincerely loves himself has no fears of being lifted.

Those fellows who dote on their girls sometimes find matrimony a powerful antidote.

A man is like an omnibus; when he is full of drinks he thinks there is room for one more.

Why is a chimney like a load of mixed wood? Because there is generally smoke (some oak) in it.

How many things there are to laugh at in this world to the girl who has pretty teeth and dimples.

Why would it be impossible for horses to vote on any measure? Because all their votes would be neighs.

"Ma, the minister is coming." "What makes you think so? Did you see him?" "No, but I saw pa take the parrot and lock it up in the stable."

Young lady, tailor made: "Take my seat, please." Old lady, nearsighted but grateful: "Thank you, sir. You are the only gentleman in the car."

Somehow a man feels much worse the day after he has lost an hour's sleep on account of the baby than the day after he has lost five hours' sleep at the club.

Professor: "Twenty million years hence the sun will give neither light nor heat." Wicked student: "Well, I don't know about the light, but I don't think you'll need the heat."

It is believed that women contract the prediliection about their ages from the way, when they are little girls, their parents lie about the same subject to conductors and ticket sellers.

Mumby: "Say, when two trains collide they call it a telescope, don't they?" Dumley: "Yes; why?" Mumby: "Nothing, only I was wondering why they don't call it a collidescope."

Customer: "What's the charge?" Barber: "Thirty cents." "Thirty cents? Why, I thought you charged only fifteen cents for a shave!" "Yes, sir; but you see you have a double chin."

Willets: "Tell me, really, are you just as happy, now you are married, as you were when you were engaged?" Millets: "Why, certainly. Her father pays all her expenses, just the same as he did before we were married."

Doctor: "Your blood is deficient in quality, Mr. Jones. What you need is more iron in the system." Mr Jones: "That can't be, doctor. I have stepped on at least 22 tacks with my bare feet since the house-cleaning began."

Angry wife, after a quarrel: "Seems to me we've been married about a hundred years. I can't even remember when or where we first met." Husband, emphatically: "I can! It was at a dinner-party, and there were 13 at the table."

"Do you believe in the saying, 'A little knowledge is a dangerous thing'" asked one Congressman of another. "I guess so; why do you ask?" "It occurred to me that if it's correct there are a lot of fellows around here who are taking great chances."

At the table of a well-known Methodist minister the subject of widows was under discussion, when one of the sons inquired: "What is a grass widow?" "Why, Harry," responded the other, "don't you know? A grass widow is a woman whose husband died with hay fever."

"Your duties must be somewhat monotonous" said a lady to a mailing clerk. "They are, indeed." "The same round day after day and week after week. No excitement." "No excitement excepting when we have to rush things." "When is that?" "When we find 'In Haste' written on the corner of an envelope." "Oh! does that create excitement?" "Tremendous!"

"They say" that the demand for stiff corsets has been very much less this past year, because women are awake to the fact that their health is essential to their happiness, consequently they have discarded the stiff corset and wear a *corset waist* which allows a freedom and grace of motion not otherwise obtained. Of the many corset waists offered for sale the Ferris "Good Sense" waist is justly the most popular.

Light and Health.—Most persons would say that the outside light is two or three times as strong as that within our houses. But the ratio of difference is vastly greater. Carefully prepared table show that for view at the seashore, comprising sea and sky mainly (with a lens and plate of a certain speed), an exposure of one-tenth second is sufficient. An open landscape away from the sea would, with the same lens, the same aperture and the same plate, require one-third of a second. A fairly lighted interior would require two and a half minutes, while a badly lighted interior, such as rooms which most ladies prefer to occupy, would require half an hour to obtain an equally good picture. In other words, patients strolling on the seashore in sunny weather are in a light not two or three times stronger than that in the ordinary shaded and curtained rooms of a city house, and the same patients walking along the sunny side of a street are receiving more than five thousand times as much of the health-giving influence of light as they would receive indoors in the usually heavy curtained rooms.

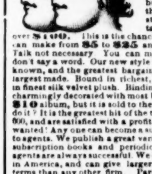
Woman—I gave my husband a taste of the broomstick half an hour ago, and he went out swearing he would kill someone. Has he been here?

Saloon-keeper—yes, ma'am; John was in here.

Woman—Did he kill anybody?

Saloon-keeper—Oh, no. He took two drinks of our best whisky and then left.

Woman—Poor John! I didn't mean to drive him to suicide.



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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also **Dollard's Regenerative Cream,** to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

To Mrs. Richard Dollard, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.
I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.
I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

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None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

"Mabel," said the young man bashfully, "do you know I think your mother is a wonderfully fine woman." "I am glad to know that she has won your esteem." "Do you think that I have succeeded in making a favorable impression on her?" "I don't know of any reason to believe the contrary. Why do you ask?" "I was only wondering." "Wondering what?" "Whether she could ever think enough of me to accept me for a son-in-law." And Mabel did her best to give him confidence.

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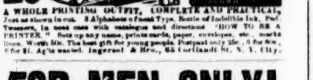

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INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called," or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, wherein seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 2's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 128 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Latest Fashion Phases.

There is a great feeling for gold and other rich embroideries and braids this season; simplicity, real simplicity, is only to be met with in tailor made dresses, which have no other ornament than their fifteen or twenty rows of stitching round the hem of the skirt and the edge of the tunic.

The dresses are made of the finest, most supple cloth, and are very simply draped on the hips.

Apart from these severely plain cloth costumes, there are others of similar fabrics richly decorated with passementerie or braiding; these, however, are not made by tailors, but owe their origin to the taste and skill of couturiers, who usually choose finer cloths in rather lighter colors than the materials employed by tailors.

One model is in angelica green cloth braided with black; the front of the skirt is draped at the top and has a series of braided points along the edge.

The back breadths are mounted in plain pleats, and end at the sides in redingote panels with braiding down the front and along the edge of the panel.

The bodice is cut with a little tailor basque at the back; the front is double-breasted and fastened up with a few small pleats near the left shoulder under a passementerie ornament. Braided points cover the breast pleats of the right overlapping front, and the collar, sleeves, and pocket flaps are also braided.

Most tailor-made dresses are so sober in color as they are severely plain in make, and it is a relief to turn to the gayer hues and more varied styles of other walking and visiting costumes. In colors the chief favorites are emerald and asparagus green, Eiffel red, sapphire blue, ecclesiastical purple, and a few more useful shades, such as Eiffel brown, slate gray, &c.

Costumes and redingotes are made in all these colors, which harmonize admirably with their ornaments and trimmings of fur, passementerie, velvet, and feathers.

There is no purpose to which lace may not be applied to be in accordance with present fashions; lace flounces of all depths are used for trimming dinner, reception and ball dresses; exquisite chemisettes and fichus are made of lace, the dainty fabric is employed also for the sleeves of evening toilettes, lace collars, berthas and revers are exceedingly fashionable, and lace ornaments in pleatings and rosettes find a place on our chapeaux.

A mode that is being adopted for evening dresses of rich plain silk is that of trimming the edge of the skirt in front and at the sides with lace flounces of more or less depth; the train is untrimmed, and in all the most fashionable toilettes this is of brocade with a satin ground.

Nearly all rich evening dresses are made with long square or rounded trains; the front is of silk or satin draped with lace or crape de Chine. A beautiful model in mauve and silver brocade has the front of mauve satin draped with crape de Chine to match.

The corsage is of mauve silk and silver passementerie over satin; it is open in front, the centre part being draped with mauve crape de Chine. The short pleated sleeves are also of this material, with knots of violet ribbon on the shoulders. The draperies are caught up with bows to correspond.

A lovely dress in pale heliotrope lampas is made with open redingote fronts, and a long princess train at the back. The front of the skirt is of heliotrope satin veiled with Brussels lace draped on the foundation with sprays of velvet orchids in violet and mauve shades.

A narrow plastron of draped lace shows between the open fronts of the corsage, and lace is draped round the shoulders, the draperies being joined in front under a spray of orchids. The lace is fastened to the bodice on each side of the arm, and the folds spread a little over the shoulders forming a short draped sleeve.

The most charmingly light and elegant fichus and chemisettes have been prepared for wearing at the large family dinner parties that are the chief form of festivity at this time of the year; they are made of crape, gauze, net and lace, and are trimmed in many instances with straps and bows of ribbon or with a little bunch of flowers.

Walking dresses are chiefly in tailor-made styles, for now that short dresses are no longer fashionable, one is often obliged to hold up the dress even to walk a short distance; the costumes best adapted for the purpose are the lightest and simplest possible. The favorite materials are tweeds, both in a variety of plain colors, and in chequered designs.

The skirt is generally arranged in long, straight pleats in front and at the sides, and in full gathers or pleats at the back; the front is frequently quite plain, and occasionally there is no fulness except at the back; a favorite style of corsage has a waistcoat of white material, or some other light shade, under a tight-fitting bodice turned back with a coat collar, fastening with two or three buttons across the chest, and sloped away below to display the waistcoat, the bodice although cut away is not left loose, but is stitched down on either side of the waistcoat, so as to resemble a habit bodice.

Nowadays, everyone who has a mind for it can learn dressmaking on scientific principles; and, be assured, it is something to be able to make one's ordinary morning gowns, or to remodel old ones, even if one never rises to higher flights.

The perfect modiste and couturiere, like the poet, "is born, not made." Some, of course, have a natural talent for the draping of a skirt or the set of a bow, but no one need despair, for practice gets over difficulties in a marvellous manner.

In the way of millinery, nothing helps a novice so much as to study the contents of modistes' windows, and to try her 'prentice hand at re-trimming her own and her family's hats and bonnets—that is, if the latter will entrust them to her tender mercies.

The secret of stylish millinery is not to take too much trouble over it; like pastry, it requires a light hand, and if you laboriously fasten everything neatly down, the chances are your "chapeau" will look as stiff as a policeman's helmet, and—as ugly.

In the matter of dresses, always avoid anything eccentric or conspicuous; uncommon shades and styles, beautiful though they may be, are for the rich, who can afford to wear them for a short time and then put them aside. In buying a dress, it is as well to have an eye to the future, and to consider whether it will make a satisfactory second, and even third-best gown.

A simply-made homespun or heather mixture looks well to the end, and is never out of place; not so the cheap silks and plushes, which are so many traps to catch the unwary. Dr. Johnson, speaking of a lady who was celebrated for dressing well, said, "The best evidence I can give you of her perfection in this respect is, that one can never remember what she had on."

We may thankfully say that we live in an age when women may dress simply and beautifully, yet, withal, economically. Some years back, during the reigns of the crinoline and the train, it was not so.

Ruskin's advice to young girls is to wear bright colors; dark ones are, of course, more economical than light, and the present fashion of wearing white or colored waistcoats enables one to pleasantly vary the monotony of a dull gown. At the large drapers' sales it is generally possible to get a useful cashmere or serge for about half its original price. Mantles and jackets are also greatly reduced. But care must be taken not to select something so very much in the fashion that season as to be quite out of it the following one.

"Moderation in all things" should be the motto of all whose purses are less heavy than they could wish, and who find it difficult to make both ends of their dress allowance meet.

Boots and shoes are always an expensive item. They will get out of shape, and wear out with such unpardonable rapidity. True economy seems to lie in purchasing good ones at a good shop; they make a deplorable hole in a bank-note, it is true, but are cheapest in the long run.

Girls with nimble fingers ought never to give much for their "party" slippers, for a soiled pair can easily be covered with satin, which, when worn, can be renewed time after time.

Odds and Ends.

NOVELTIES IN DECORATION.

In these days of adaptation, everything out of the common is seized upon with avidity, and turned to some account. The career of articles of furniture, from the largest to the smallest, is full of vicissitudes, and the ulterior destination very different from what the designer imagined.

Old bed posts, sometimes to be met with in bundles, in old rubbish depots, or stowed away in lumber rooms, have been brought out of their dust and seclusion, and adapted for drawing-room use.

Some are handsome and solid-looking, carved or otherwise embellished, and these now form tall stands for pot plants or lamps; and also the outer supports of those screened off, cosy ingle nooks, that now close in around many a fireside.

Ere long we shall, no doubt, hear of some other purpose to which these old-fashioned bed posts have been put, as more thought is put on the subject, possibly as supports to overmantels, to which they might lend themselves with good effect.

Another quaint adaptation is the rough wooden ring with its bell, which decorates the necks of cattle in the Pyrenees, used for looping back a curtain from a small-sized door, or a picture. The curtain is passed through the ring. The roughly-carved ox yokes that deck the Spanish cattle so grandly have also been brought home by imaginative collectors, and converted into overmantels or frames in drawing-rooms.

Apropos of Spanish goods, there seems a great fancy at present for the tambourines decorated with rich-hued bespangled illustrations of bull fights and other national entertainments, and finished off with deep fringes of worsted balls in red and yellow, Spanish colors, linked together; also for the large paper fans.

Tambourines are still popular, though their day has certainly waned; and a pretty way to ornament them is to pass two colored ribbons round the frame, loop them on both sides in full clusters, and carry the two ribbons across the parchment in a slanting direction, so that when the tambourine is hanging up against the wall one cluster is high up and the other low down on the opposite side. No painting is required, although a spray of flowers or a bird does additionally embellish it.

The calendar tambourines, look well with one or two small-colored soft silk scarves loosely wrapped round them. Many picture frames are draped in this way, and also toilet mirrors, backs of easy chairs, and one side of screens.

Little square tables are often now covered with a pretty cretonne, on both the upper and under shelves, with a three inch frill all round. The legs are usually covered with plush of a harmonizing shade. They look very pretty about a room, and are easily and quickly done.

It is a favorite fancy at present to have everything to match on a table, particularly a writing one, such as the various sized photo frames, blotting book, case for loose notes or photos, envelope case, and box (without lid) for throwing in unanswered notes, &c. A delicate shade of *pistache* green brocatelle is popular.

All sorts of cardboard, or even wooden and cigar boxes can be covered with plush or brocade by skilful fingers. The top is usually raised by a little judicious padding, then covered with the brocade or plush, and edged all round with an old looking gold fancy braid.

The lining is of watered silk or Surah, and this has to be done in seperate pieces (*i. e.*, top, bottom, and the four sides), neatly stretched and glued over thin cardboard, and then carefully glued to the box.

Blotting books and photo frames are done in the same way, and also large open fans, cut out in wood, with places for slipping in photos, and a support in the back. In some of the effective brocades now being sold, in white or pale colors, the effect is beautiful.

A new fashion is to have a pretty little mat of brocade and gold braid, to throw over a blotter, also fancy lamp and toilet mats.

A novelty of the season is a bright hued butterfly, colored true to nature, lightly poised on all-leather frames, stamp boxes, calender cases, &c. Creamy leather articles, touched up with gold, may be seen on many a dainty writing table, with the cloth of cream brocade, edged with gold braid.

Some of the new five o'clock teacloths are like large pocket handkerchiefs with deep hem-stitched borders; others have designs worked in the corners in raised white or colored thread, in a very bold style. The cloth itself is of the finest Irish linen.

Hem-stitched bed linen is much affected at present, with large initial letters embroidered in one corner.

MRS HELEN T. TYLER, of Concordia, Meade county, Ky., where she is happily married to the Postmaster of the place, writes a pathetic story to the New York *Sun*, in the hope that she may find her relatives. Forty-three years ago, when she was a baby, her father went to California, and the mother, being penniless, left her in the Home for the Friendless. A Connecticut gentleman adopted her. Her mother afterward returned for her. The asylum got her back from Connecticut, but the mother was never heard of again, and, it is thought, died of cholera.

THE family is the very core of all society, and those who do not learn its lessons and taste its joys are but very imperfectly prepared for the outer life which they imagine to be so much broader and fuller.

Confidential Correspondents.

DUBB.—A visiting card should be scrupulously plain.

ALEXIS.—The branches of a civil service examination are those of a good common school education.

BRITOMARTE.—The Stamp act, which led to the war between England and America, was passed March 22, 1765, and was repealed in 1766.

BOURLON.—The territory of the Republic of France is forbidden to the heads of families that have reigned in France and to their direct heirs.

RUBE.—A child born in this country of foreign parents is a natural born citizen, and can vote when he shall have attained the age of 21 years.

PHILO.—It is really true that there are no snakes in Ireland; whether St. Patrick is responsible for their absence is doubtful, but there is a popular superstition to that effect.

E. G. D.—The fifth, tenth, fifteenth, twenty-fifth, fiftieth and seventy-fifth anniversaries of the wedding-day are respectively called wooden, tin, crystal, silver, golden and diamond wedding.

NOVEM.—June was the month considered by the Romans as the most propitious for marriage; May the month to be most avoided. But these were only pagan superstitions, and sensible people are not superstitious—at least, they ought not to be.

PERPLEXED.—In such a case, your lover paying attentions to other girls, we would advise your receiving the attentions of other young men. This perhaps will bring him to his senses. There is no other way we can suggest that holds out more promise of doing good.

E. T.—You are not too old to learn the piano, but you will never attain anything approaching to the highest proficiency. You may learn to play pretty dances for a quiet party, and you may accompany yourself; but you must encourage no ambitions, or you will be disappointed.

MINNIE B.—It is not usually considered necessary to send a note with any of the small gifts, which are freely offered among intimate friends. A card is quite sufficient, but in acknowledging these gifts or attentions a card is not a sufficient return; a note of thanks should be written in every case.

REGINA.—We advise a young lady whose handwriting is too flourishing to be always legible, who wishes to be an "amateur" actress, and to know how she will be "admitted" in some good club, to do some more study in plainness of handwriting and in orthography before she finds a club.

BARYTONE.—You can scarcely imagine the methods adopted by various singers for clearing and strengthening the voice. Some are abstainers, some drink stout, some try egg-flip, some take very little glycerine, some try vaseline. The variety is bewildering and endless. Do not dream of training your voice by book-work. If you cannot get a tutor, give up the notion.

READER.—The Prime Minister of Great Britain does not receive any salary as prime minister. Both the cabinet and prime minister are unknown to the law. In order to obtain a salary the prime minister or primer holds some office with a salary attached to it, usually that of first lord of the treasury, and sometimes that in connection with chancellor of the exchequer. The salaries of the secretaries for the different departments are $25,000 each. The present premier takes the foreign secretaryship as his base of operations.

FORGETFUL.—All you can do is to avoid pretence. Your memory is fatally bad, and you must merely try to keep your conversation to simple subjects. The most pleasing people that one meets in traversing the world are those who know very little about any ordinary subject of conversation, but who have the knack of trying to oblige their companions. Do not be self-conscious, and try to be sympathetic; never think, "How stupid I am!" but try to say, "How agreeable and clever my neighbor is!" Then you will fare well.

C. I. S.—The phrase concerning oil on troubled waters is found in every literature from the earliest days. Every race of men who lived by the water or who took to the sea in ships noticed that any kind of oily matter, when poured into rough water, caused the crest of the waves to become smooth. You must not imagine that any poet invented the phrase; it is found everywhere, and it is a plain description of a physical fact known to nearly all men of all nations. Nowadays a vessel that is running before a heavy sea often carries a bag of grease over her taffrail, and, when she is thus protected, no broken water comes on board of her.

IGNORANT.—"Walter Shandy" is the name of Tristram Shandy's father, in Sterne's novel entitled "The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gent." By reading antiquated books he has got his head filled with absurd or idle fancies and theories; but all his notions are thwarted, and the exact opposite of what he wishes takes place. He believes in the virtue of a substantial nose, and his son's is crushed by the accoucher who attends upon his wife. A leading article of his creed is that the mankind are greatly influenced by their Christian names. Trismegistus he thinks the most propitious name in the world, and Tristam the very worst; yet his son accidently gets christened Tristam. 2. The phrase, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," occurs in Sterne's "Maria," an incident in his "Sentimental Journey." A hundred years before, George Herbert said, "To a close-shorn sheep God gives wind by measure."

PROTEST.—We confess to finding your letter a little confused. In the first place, you argue that men's neglect causes women to become shrews; and then you give us quite an elaborate description of a lady who is tenderly treated by her husband and children, but who is nevertheless shrewish tongued. Our own experience is that the genuine shrew, although she may suffer from bodily ailments, is more often cankered in mind. Do you suppose that shrewishness is developed only after marriage? If young men could but have a good view of the domestic life of the girls whom they are about to marry, there would be less misery in the world. Why, some young ladies who are most sweet-voiced and caressing in manner when they meet their lovers are merely ranting termagants when they have sisters, or even brothers, to quarrel with. No—shrewishness is a vice which is usually engendered quite independently of physical weakness or household cares. The draggle-tailed creatures whom you describe have not enough energy to scold; it is the robust, well-cared-for woman who does most mischief.